THE

SON OF THE STORM,

A TALE.

BY HENRY SIDDONS.

"Periture parcite Chartæ."

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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614

THE SON

OF

THE STORM.

CHAPTER I.

RELIEVED in some measure from her anxieties by the kind efforts of her liberal young kinsman, our young Lady returned towards home with her spirits somewhat recruited.

Lord John accosted her in the hall, with: "Have you seen or heard any-thing of Arthur?—is he better?"

"Much better uncle, I have just been paying him a visit, and have had a sight of his little adopted."

"Ah, Susan! under the semblance of levity, does this youth conceal all the honourable feelings which give dignity to human nature! would to God I were as sure of heaven as Arthur Conyers!!!

With these words, Lord John clasped his hands together and hurried forwards to the Duke's study.

Habit had taught his niece not to be offended at any abruptness, or eccentricity

of

of this nobleman; his many noble qualities made him adored by every branch of the family, and instead of feeling resentment at his infirmities they only breathed the sigh of humanity on the distracations of a Philanthropic mind! They were convinced that guilt could exist in his own imagination alone.

Before Susan had reached the top of the staircase, Lord John joined her, and earnestly implored her not to tell any living soul, that he had broken God's commandment and murdered his *Father!*

She soothed and endeavoured to attract his wandering thoughts to present objects: but he broke from her, and hurrying down the steps, darted out at the street door, which he closed with furious

violence, till the whole hall rung as with a peal of thunder.

Terrify'd at the more than ordinary vehemence of his manner, Lady Susan ran into the drawing room, and intreated her father to follow him.

His Grace complied with the request, desiring her to send Ben after him, as soon as possible.

The ladies waited their return with the most alarming anxiety; every moment dragged on like an hour, and yet they came not; terror, suspence, and anxiety were strongly pourtrayed on the lineaments of every countenance, as that heart must have been callous indeed, which could not feel for *him* who had felt for *all*.

At

At an hour past the usual dinner time, it was ordered to be served up to Lady Susan and Mrs. Scudamore; unable to eat, the younger lady fixed her eyes on the window, and perceived a gentleman advancing towards the house, she started up—it was Doctor Glynne—she flew towards him, in hopes of gaining some intelligence, but was cruelly disapointed at finding him totally unacquainted with the source of their perplexity and distress: he offered, however, to set off directly to Westminster in search of their common friend; Sir Arthur being the last person he mentioned it was more than probable that he might have wandered there.

The hours still continued slowly dragging on, till the clock struck twelve; when the Duke returned, pale, fatigued, and exhausted with the laborious exer-

tion of a long, but ineffectual search, which had been rendered truly alarming, from the description he had received of his brothers extraordinary behaviour at a neighbouring Tavern.

His Grace had with much difficulty traced him to Hyde Park, where finding the fatigues of his research beginning to grow too powerful for him, he was forced to take some slight refreshment, but not till he had employed vigilant, and trusty delegates, to keep on an unremitted look out for the object of his enquiry.

When he came home he was in such a nervous state, that the ladies were quite alarmed, and besought him to go to bed directly, as they were convinced, that want of his natural rest, would have the

most

most distressful effects upon his constitution.

He resisted these entreaties for some time, with the greatest obstinacy; he at last, however, suffered himself to be overpersuaded, when they pledged their words to him, that they would have him roused as early as six o'clock the ensuing morning.

This promise they punctually performed: the Duke arose:—the second was passed like the former day; with as much fatigue, but with as little prospect of success.

Lady Susan, among whose errours a *selfish* disposition could not be enumerated, felt her private vexations sunk in the idea of the general calamity; she could think of nothing but her uncle—

she could attend to no other concern; she therefore sent off a note to Sir Arthur, with her apologies for not attending to her engagement with him.

About six o'clock, when the Duke and Doctor Glynne entered the house, fatigued and harrassed with the ramblings of the day, a rap was heard at the street door, and Mr. Hanbury was announced.

He addressed himself with great precision and formality, to every person present; when it came to Mrs. Scudamore's turn—bowing most obsequiously, and hoping that she had quite got rid of her *rheumaticks.*

Now this good gentlewoman hated any one to notice her infirmities; she considered the mention of them as impolite in her *equals*, and she thought it downright *impudence* in her inferiors, to dare to see them;

them; for to say the truth, there was no one thing on earth so irksome to her, as any acquaintance or conversation, with personages who did not move in the same sphere of life with herself.

When addressed in this unpromising manner, by Mr. Hanbury, therefore, she drew herself up in the most stately, and dignified manner; coldly thanking, and asking him if he came from Miss Laura Tempest, to convince him by this dry damping interrogatory, that on his own account, this visitation was as little expected as it was acceptable.

It is vulgarly said, that *a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse;* the sayings of the vulgar are so often founded on the principles of truth; that refinement, which is accompanied with good sense, will readily admit their force, and not be angry at their application.

Now were we to employ twenty pages in the delineation of the character of Hanbury, we much question if we could give any trait in it, which could depict him more strongly than the above vulgar saying; for totally insensible, to what Mrs. Scudamore imagined a keen hint, and a well directed, polished specimen of that figure of speech, denominated irony; he kept an unaltered countenance, and a vacant look, as he repeated Laura's name.

"Miss Tempest!——No madam,—no! I cannot say that I come directly from that fair lady, as a body may say, but I come on a little bit of private business to his Grace."

"Oh! you *do!*" drily, said mine aunt.

"Yes!—Yes madam! that's the up-shot on't, as a body may say; but unwill-

ing

ing to deny myself the pleasure of seeing *you*, good madam, and my young friend, Lady Susan there, I refused the Butler's offer of calling my good friend the Duke out of the room."

"Myself and niece, are highly *honoured* in being numbered among *your* friends, Sir! an HONOUR indeed I was totally unconscious of deserving."

The Duke to prevent Mr. Hanbury from remarking the pointed rudeness of this last ironical reply, now stepped forward, and with a condescension, very widely removed from familiarity, took him by the hand, and demanded what circumstance had procured him the favor of a call at that hour.

"No favor at all, my Lord Duke, I beg you won't distress yourself about that—I like to be sociable—I hate cere-

mony

mony—neighbours fare—that's all—but as to the circumstances——"

"Aye, Mr. Hanbury—what do they concern?"

"Why my Lord Duke they concern your brother, my very good friend, the Lord John O'Carrol; I respect him much, though I am sorry to say——"

"What Sir?—what has befallen him?"

Exclaimed the Duke and Doctor Glynne, starting up and looking with such eagerness, that the astonished Hanbury jumped back several paces, and losing his balance, must have fallen, had he not steadied himself by firmly placing his back against Mrs. Scudamore's extended hands, as she sat swelling with indignation in a great arm chair by the fire side.

To increase the confusion of the scene, Lady Susan had fainted away the moment she heard the name of her uncle coupled with sorrow. Mrs. Scudamore, violently screaming, and repulsing Hanbury, who stood scrambling with fright before her, positively declared, that, if she was not assisted immediately she *would* faint likewise.

Lady Susan reviving, and order being somewhat restored, Doctor Glynne in a tone of vexation, asked Mr. Hanbury, why in God's name he did not go on.

Hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, and frightened out of his wits at the consternation he had occasioned, he stared, trembled, and faultered out—

"Bless my soul, gentlemen! I vow you have made me quite nervous!—see how

how you have frightened my good friend Mrs. Scudamore too—bless my soul! bless my soul!—I dare say the poor dear old lady won't get the better of it these two days."

Aunt Anne could not speak for indignation. Lady Susan collecting herself as well as she was able, went up to this tedious messenger with a look of ineffable sweetness, and begged him not to make any more apologies, but relieve them from their apprehensions concerning her uncle.

"I beg your pardon Madam—I mean my Lady;" said the plolix Mr. Hanbury, "I was just about to tell you the whole matter, when your ladyship, and these two gentlemen, all going into such *tantarums*, occasioned my frightening my poor dear friend, Mrs. Anne in such a manner, I vow I'm quite shocked—for I hates to flurry any body—for as I says to my dear Mrs.

Mrs. Hanbury—my sweet Rachael! says I, when you are in any of your——"

"*Will* you, or will you *not*, tell us what you know of Lord O'Carrol! cried Doctor Glynne, "you see his brother is too much agitated even to speak to you, and it is really barbarous to keep a whole family in such dreadful suspense."

"Bless my soul, Doctor Glynne! I was just going to inform my dear friend Lady Susan, how Lord John O'Carrol came to my house last night."

"To your house! is he there now?"

"Undoubtedly Doctor—I left him there—but if you will favour me with your attention, and not look so frightfully at me, I will tell you the whole particulars."

Mr.

Mr. Hanbury then took a chair, and drawing it close to that of the petrified Mrs. Scudamore, was about to arrange his very best phraseology, to grace his history; but the Duke interrupted him before he had spoken three words, by hastily exclaiming—

"You must have the goodness, Sir, to dispense with my attentions to you at present, as I must this instant set out for your house!—Glynne! you will bear me company?"

"Most certainly, my lord."

A hackney coach was that moment passing, the Doctor stopped it from the window, which had been left open to watch the return of several messengers. The three gentlemen immediately entered it, much to the mortification of poor Hanbury, who wished for an opportunity

of

of making it up with aunt Anne: before he went down stairs, however, he made her a formal bow, and told her, "that if she and Lady Susan would come and *take tea* with his Rachael at Hampstead in a family way, he was sure that his wife would think it quite friendly, and make no strangers of them."

The Duke saw the angry lightening flashing from the eyes of his indignant sister, and hurried away the unwitting offender, ere its fury could burst forth.

When the coach arrived at Hampstead Heath, the residence of the Hanbury family, the three gentlemen found Laura Tempest in the greatest distress: for Lord John O'Carrol, under pretence of sauntering in the garden, had artfully eluded all their vigilance, and contrived to make his escape.

Mrs. Hanbury as soon as she learned that the Duke had honoured her house with his presence, resolved to render herself amiable and interesting in his eyes, to accomplish which grand point, she thought proper to throw herself into violent and convulsive hysterics. From long practice she was become a first rate actress in scenes of this description, and might have melted the hearts of ordinary spectators, but unluckily for her, she had in the person of Doctor Glynne, a very shrewd critic to deal with; and had not most serious contemplations absorbed that gentleman's ideas at the moment, he would have given her a specimen of his discrimination which would have made her rather cautious before whom she exhibited her performances for the future; as it was, he appeared blind to her folly, and contented himself with an emotion of contempt for her meanness, and her duplicity.

Laura

Laura, who would have given worlds to have accompanied them back to town, in search of her beloved! her revered protector! was compelled by every duty of humanity to remain with Mrs. Hanbury, during this her affected indisposition. The Duke and Doctor Glynne were obliged to return to London with sorrowful countenances and heavy hearts.

Glynne felt much for the amiable Miss Tempest, and had he thought her removal proper, would soon have restored Mrs. Hanbury to a sound and pristine health again; but during the present troubles of his Graces family, he thought it much better for all parties that Laura should be kept out of the way. As they were returning home, they resolved to call on Sir Arthur, at Westminster, knowing the affection that youth bore towards Lord John, it seemed an act of kindness, to

console

console him under the heavy pressure of the general calamity.

The coach stopped at the door of Mrs. Williams's, where enquiring for young Conyers, he ran out to them, and withdrawing them into another apartment, told them that Lord John was just come into his room—pale—drenched with a violent shower of rain, and without any hat on his head.

Sir Arthur likewise informed them, that he had not spoken a single word since his entrance—had sighed frequently, and had groaned as if his heart was about to burst; in short, that melancholy as he had formerly appeared, he now seemed labouring under some deeper dejection than ever.

"I have sent," said Arthur, "to Grosvenor Square, for Ben Wilson, who will persuade

persuade him to change his wet cloaths, and take some refreshment, for he looks very weak and faint indeed."

The Duke was so much agitated by the melancholy narrative, that he suffered himself to be prevailed upon to remain where he was, until he could gain time for the recovery of his spirits, previous to an interview with his brother.

When Doctor Glynne urged his friend to take some refreshment, he complied mechanically, but took not the slightest notice of any thing that was passing around him, until little Dick ran into the apartment to wish Sir Arthur good night: Lord John at that moment suddenly appeared, violently agitated, and besought them to put that *little Imp!* out of the room, saying, "that, he had been the cause of all his present misery:"—then shuddering, withdrew his coat from the childs

child's hand, who being accustomed to endearments, now sought in infantine playfulness to attract his notice.

Fearful of irritating him Sir Arthur carried the boy away with him, and returned bringing in Ben, whose rough rhetoric was more persuasive with his master, than all the oratory in the world could have proved. He soon contrived to coax him to a warm bed, which had been previously prepaired by the kind and attentive Mrs. Williams.

He continued very low for several days, at the end of which, it was strongly recommended that he should proceed to the sea side, the air, and bathing, being the only things which had ever been successful to him in attacks of this nature.

Doctor Glynne with his usual philanthropy,

thropy, gave up all consideration of his personal concerns, to accompany him to Margate, whither it was agreed that the Duke and his family should follow him with all brief conveniency.

As soon as he left London, Lady Susan, who had been too deeply agitated on account of his lordship to think of herself, sent a note to Sir Arthur, requesting him to appoint Mr. Stevens to give her the meeting the next day at Mrs. Williams's.

Sir Arthur came to Grosvenor Square in the afternoon, and took a private opportunity of informing her, that on the ensuing morning, at two o'clock precisely, the old gentleman would wait upon her.

He told the Duke, that he had been that morning to see the old woman, his pensioner, at Twickenham, and had found that

that Lord John had been there, on the very day he was seized with a return of his malady.

"I questioned her," added Conyers, "and she confessed that he had come thither to make enquiries concerning little Dick's friends—that he had also given her money, but upon her telling him part of her story he had sworn at her in a terrible manner, and ran violently out of the cottage."

"But what did you say to him, Mrs. Davies? said I."

"Oh, Sir! I am determined never to tell nobody my story again, his strange lordship frightened me so, and I am so afeard of being brought into a peck of troubles—Lord knows I have had a plenty of them already, although I never did wrong in all my born days."

"Finding

"Finding all my entreaties vain, I was forced to leave her."

The Duke after listening attentively to what the young Baronet had just related, paused for a second or two, and then made answer.

"It is probable, my dear Arthur, that this Mrs. Davies's story was not in the most remote degree the cause of my poor brother's frenzy; for I am really persuaded that it must have originated in the violent fever with which he was attacked soon after our father's death. He can have no *personal* afflictions, he would so long conceal from friends who love, admire, and esteem him so ardently and affectionately as we all do."

Mrs. Scudamore gave it as her opinion, that it was abominably insolent, and

 egregiously

egregiously impertinent in an old woman, to refuse giving answers to Sir Arthur's points of interrogation, adding—

"I hope nephew you will not demean yourself by condescending to take any farther notice of the *creature*, as she does not seem sensible of the implicit respect, due from people of her situation, to superior rank."

A blush of generous indignation accompanied the manly answer of the noble minded youth.

"Excuse me, Madam! but there is no rank or situation in life, however splendid or exalted, which can possibly give one human being any authority to tyranise over another! thank God ever body's *thoughts are free!* and I should be a despicable fellow, if, taking advantage of accidental

accidental circumstances (the merit of people born before I was thought of) I exercised any power over a helpless poor old woman!"

"Hoity! toity! here is democracy with a witness;" cried aunt Anne.

"Sound and constitutional principles as ever I heard in my life;" rejoined the Duke; "continue in the practice of these noble feelings and they will be their own reward, my boy!"

A compliment was by no means what Sir Arthur sought; he took his aunt by the hand, therefore, and in a soothing strain told her, she had suffered her kindness for him, to outrun her judgement; saying, that he had a powerful restraint, which would ever militate against his desertion of Mrs. Davies, which was, her

not possessing one single qualification which could interest any other person in her behalf.

This attempt to soften mine aunt Anne, was of very little avail: Sir Arthur, however like a skillful engineer at length took the fortress by sap; for when he threw in an artful compliment, stating, that all his form fellows had taken her and Susan for *sisters*, the last time they came to visit him in the chariot, at Westminster, the wrinkles on her forehead were gradually effaced, the smile of returning good humour mantled round her lips; and when the party separated, harmony and good humour were thoroughly restored.

Lady Susan took care to attend her appointment at the time prescribed, on the next morning. Young Conyers not being returned from school, she entered into conversation

conversation with Mrs. Williams, who was never weary of talking of her dear young gentleman, of whom she told such stories, as exalted him to the height of his cousins opinion, and suffused her lovely eyes in tears of admiration;—

"Tears, such as Angels shed!"

She had scarcely time to wipe them from her cheek, before the Hero of Mrs. Williams's histories entered, accompanied by Mr. Stevens.

When Sir Arthur had introduced him, and Mrs. Williams had left the room, Mr. Stevens seised the Lady by the hand with an air of the greatest familiarity, and giving it a hearty shake and squese, assured her he should think himself particu-

larly happy in being able to oblige such a pretty looking young lady.

Not at all gratified by the freedom of his address, yet humanely attributing it to the proper cause—a want of knowing better—Lady Susan entreated him to take a chair, and gazed with a wistfull look on her cousin, in hopes of his entering on the business for which they had assembled; but Sir Arthur was so much diverted by her stare of surprise, added to Mr. Stevens's forced, and aukward attempts at ease, that he had retired to the window, and crammed his pocket handkerchief in his mouth to avoid an explosion of that mirth, with which he felt himself so irresistibly tickled.

Mr. Stevens declared, that though he was at that moment wanted in three dif-

ferent places, he did not at all wish to hurry her ladyship, but added;—

"My young acquaintance, Sir Arthur Conyers, informed me your ladyship wished to see me—now I always make business give way to the ladies—for as Gay's Fables says—

"When a Ladys in the case,
"You know all other things give place."

"So you see madam, that, although I do not live at the polite end of the town, I have read something, and know *what's what.*"

He stood simpering with approbation in hopes of a reply from her ladyship, but Sir Arthur perceiving her shame and confusion beginning to grow too painful, determined to dash into the business at

 once,

once, therefore going up to Mr. Stevens, and giving him a hearty slap on the back, he exclaimed—

"Why my hearty old buck! I've been telling my cousin you are a warm snug fellow, worth a *plum* at least; and so being in want of a trifle to pay for jewels, court-dresses, and trinkets, she wishes to do you the honour of borrowing about—how much Susan? will a cool thousand do?—you know Mr. Stevens you always tell me, you are never so happy as when you can oblige your friends."

"Very true, Sir Arthur! and I hope that my lady and I shall be *cater cousins*, and I am sure my lady Mrs. Stevens, my *Dater*, and my son Mr. Samuel Stevens, will be particularly happy to see you, to eat Mutton with us, any day at Hampstead, except Sunday, for thof I like to have

have company then myself, because it doesen't interfere with business; yet as Sammy always expects to have his Sundays to himself, he would miss the pleasure of your company, which I should be sorry for—for thof I say it that should not say it; high or low, I don't know *Sammys fellow!* Sam's a tip top one—to be sure that's neither here nor there—and I am very willing to lend your ladyship the sum Sir Arthur Conyers mentions, seeing as how, I can have very good security for my money—not as I care about money; (as I says to Mrs. Stevens) why *should* I? I have enough, and you know my lady, enough is as good as *a feast*."

Lady Susan, excessively disgusted at his manners and conversation, began heartily to repent of having placed herself under obligations to one who seemed so

ready to avail himself of every opportunity of making her sensible of the favour he had done her; and to treat her with a freedom no other person had yet dared to use towards her: it was true, that Cosmo Bouverie had taken advantage of her debt, to behave in a less respectful manner than was agreeable; but still, he was a gentleman, and alas! whatever he might think of *himself*, Mr. Stevens was very far removed from any pretensions to that title. Still, however, to be relieved from Bouverie's impertinence, by paying him, and thereby putting an end to Woodville's jealous surmises, was a strong temptation; in addition to which, she could not but feel grateful for the readiness with which Mr. Stevens complied with her request; for his vulgarity she felt contempt, but no resentment—his *zealous* compliance with her wishes, was a high mark of confidence in a total stranger, which the generous

nerous heart of Lady Susan (unconscious of her rank and fortune being the attractions) felt in its fullest extent. Thanking him, therefore, in the most polite and affable manner, she enquired when it would be convenient to him, to let her have the money, and at what time he wished that the interest should be remitted to him.

"O, to-morrow—to-morrow Madam you shall finger the cash; every body knows that Sam Stevens has only to whistle, and command any money he chuses, and as for the interest my lady, we won't scratch each others faces about that—pay it when you like—only five per cent—mind that—only five per cent—no usury—no Jew tricks with me—all fair and above board—and as I hope you will take beef and plumb pudding with me every pay day, I dont care how long you are in my debt.",

Highly pleased with himself for his generosity in giving her such a free and easy invitation, he thought it impossible for her to resist it, and hugged himself up in the thought of shewing all his acquaintance what fine company his wife and daughter kept.

To extricate herself from this unpleasant dilemma cost the fair Susan some thought and perplexity; a lucky idea suddenly entered her ladyship's mind, and curtseying to Mr. Stevens, with every mark of politeness and condescension, she smilingly rejoined.

"I am highly flattered by your kind invitation, Mr. Stevens, but as it is necessary for this loan to be kept a profound secret, I cannot avail myself of your civilities without the knowledge of my family, and the occurrence of my visiting

at

at Hampstead, would lead to the discovery of a circumstance, which, as you must perceive, I am most particularly anxious to conceal:—may I, therefore, depend on your silence?"

"Certainly, my lady! certainly!—I am very sorry you can't let me have the pleasure of shewing you my Villa at Hampstead; but you and I can meet here to transact our business whenever we like—and as for the secret, you may depend on me—I shall be snug as a *bug in a rug* my lady—depend on Sam Stevens—we shall be good friends, I can see that with half an eye, for nothing brings folks acquainted so well as a secret, you know, my lady."

He then with a significant wink arose, and saying he had a thousand appointments about money matters, wished the cousins

cousins a good morning, first having what he called a *fling* at Sir Arthur, for *shamming Abraham*. As soon as he had taken his departure the Baronet reconducted his lovely cousin to Grosvenor Square, where they found Lord Dalton, who had called to request Lady Susan's company in his curricle.

"Will you go and take a *rural* ride with me my fair sister?" said he, "for I know your sage aunt has an objection to my dashing you through the *fashionable lounges*."

"With all my heart Earnest! *where* do you wish to go!—my dearest Arthur—perhaps *you* will give us your company?"

Sir Arthur, with whom to discover the wishes of another, and to further them was one and the same thing, in a moment dived

dived into his Lordship's intentions, and declared he should like the plan of all things, if they would go and call upon Laura Tempest at Hampstead.

He then sent for his horses and servants, and they set out on their expedition; Lord Dalton told his fair companion, he had seen one of the officers of Charles's regiment, who had given him a very unpromising account of his brother's spirits.

"The tiresome fellow," added he, "quite *hipped* me, for you know Susan how I hate dismals. He says, that from being the pleasantest fellow in the whole troop, he is become a perfect Penruddock; I declare I think it was a most romantic clause in my worthy father thought proper to insert in your contract, forbidding the marriage till next Christmass; now my

my maxim is—when a man has made up his mind to that said bitter pill, called *matrimony*, e'en let him swallow it at once, or it's the long odds but he runs restive, and taking the bit between his teeth, scampers off and leaves the disconsolate damsel in the dumps."

They were here interupted by Mr. Bouverie, who met them on horseback, to the great relief of Lady Susan; he would have passed with a slight good morning, but Lord Dalton checking his horses, called out to him to beg that he would take his guard for him the next morning at St. James's, adding—

"I am engaged to meet a confounded horse jockey at twelve, in Hyde Park, therefore, if you'll assume my place *en militaire*, I will take you to dine at this young ladies fathers to-morrow, and then you

you may by your gallant speeches hinder Madam Scudamore from giving it me most soundly—and if you don't—the Lord have mercy upon me!"

Lady Susan sat upon thorns during this most improvident invitation, when Lord Dalton staring at her, immediately subjoined.

"Why don't you second me Susan? I am sure his grace will be very glad to see him."

"My father, Earnest, will always be happy to see any of *your* friends."

Regardless of her ladyship's evasive answer, Bouverie instantly accepted Lord Dalton's proffered civility, and rode off, touching his hat to Sir Arthur as he gal-

loped

loped by him. When he was gone Lady Susan exclaimed—

"How very thoughtless it was of you Ernest, to invite this young man! you know what a dislike both Lord Deloraine and your brother have to him!"

"Well, well! but he is not infectious, is he? I suppose he can't poison with his eyes like a Basilisk! I have heard the women call them wicked ones—faith the fellow is handsome enough! I should not much relish having him for a rival where I wished for success, and realy now I think on it, I have brought myself into a bit of a scrape, for he will certainly supplant me with Miss Scudamore."

Lady Susan now began to reconcile herself to an evil from which there was no escaping

escaping, as to dine from home, as she had at first thought of, might to Bouverie seem like *fear*, and that idea she well knew would render him still more confident and assuming, it would likewise tend to promote enquiries from her father, and suspicions in her aunt; these she knew she could ill satisfy, and therefore determined to get over the day as well as she was able, by making Sir Arthur keep close to her; she also hoped that some lucky chance might occur of cancelling that debt with Cosmo, which hung so heavy on her mind.

Having arranged something like a regular plan in her mind, she endeavoured to conceal from her volatile companion the uneasiness which his inconsiderate invitation had given her.

A short time brought them to Mr. Hanbury's,

Hanbury's — Sir Arthur assisted his cousin to alight, and followed by Lord Dalton, they all entered the House.

CHAPTER II.

LAURA was seated in a back room employed in drawing flowers; Mrs. Hanbury perceiving a curricle advancing to the door, had flown up stairs to throw her dress into a romantic elegant disorder. Laura received her unexpected visitors with an artless undisguised expressfon of satisfaction.

Forced

Forced by concurring circumstances of her extraordinary fate, to live much amongst persons widely differing from herself in the more amiable and graceful attractions which adorn the human mind and heart; polished society was to her a good which she eagerly desired, and assiduously cultivated.

She enquired earnestly after Lord John, of Sir Arthur; exclaiming at the same moment.

" Ah! how anxiously do I look forward to that time when Lady Deloraine shall call upon me to fulfill the invitation she so kindly gave me to accompany her family to Margate! I then may perhaps have it in my power, in some degree, to shew my gratitude to the benevolent being who watched over the infancy of two wretched orphans!—Oh! may Heaven

give

give some power to my brother and myself, of assuaging the tortures of his mind! of healing the wounds of his lacerated heart!"

Affected by these allusions to her dependent situation in life—Lady Susan could not say a word—Lord Dalton strove to suppress a sort of soft sigh, and Sir Arthur turning over the leaves of her drawing book, endeavoured to divert the conversation into a different channel. With this kind hearted intention he entered into conversation on the subject of her recent employment; this drew his Lordship to the table, who declaring he had never seen any thing so charmingly executed, added—

"Do you know Miss Tempest, that all my female relatives are each to do something towards furnishing my house? for

I am going to be steady, now I am growing near 30:—upon my soul I intend, now I am no longer a child, to put away *childish things!*—I'll be a rude schoolboy no longer, as Mrs. Harcourt, Susan's friend, calls me—Louisa is to work me a rug for my drawing room, and Harriot is to furnish landscapes for the pannels; Harry Tempest is to paraphrase some Greek epigrams for my screens too. I asked Mrs. Scudamore what she would do towards these voluntary contributions, and she has promised to work me a pair of Ottomans in case I should get the *gout* by good living, when I become a family man; for you know we single fellows in London live so spare, we never get the gout—but *all in good time.*"

"Now I vow (said Lady Susan) this modest young gentleman is spelling for you and I to do something for him; I'll go

go as far as knitting him a night cap to wear in his study. What will *you* do Laura?"

"Upon my soul, Lady Susan, you are very good, in making a request to Miss Tempest *I* dare not urge, but, which if she will grant, would confer honour on me and gratification to all those who see her performance. Will you madam graciously assent?"

"Certainly, my lord; I am but too much flattered by your compliment; it is the study, as it is the pride of my life, to oblige all those generous friends, who have so nobly stepped forward to prevent my feeling the want of all the tender ties of relationship; and I hope I may rank your lordship in my catalogue."

Sir Arthur, who was tumbling over her portfolio, here ejaculated—

"Aye! aye! you shall call each other brother and sister, then you'll agree as well as he does with his sister Louisa."

"Arthur, I wish you would not interfere with your nonsense! I shall think myself highly complimented on bearing the proud title of Miss Tempest's sincere friend."

Laura then promised him a picture for his chimney piece, and Lady Susan quitting Sir Arthur, whispered in Dalton's ear.

"Has your lordship any objection to having three in the curricle, in case of my prevailing on Miss Tempest to go back with us?"

"Not in the least, upon my honour; there is no one thing in the world which would give me more real satisfacrion."

Lady

614.

Lady Susan then turning to Laura, said she had also a very great favor to ask, adding smilingly—

"Now if you deny me I shall positively be quite jealous of Ernest—do come here and help me to persuade her?"

"What is this mighty favour Lady Susan?"

"Nay! nay! if you *my lady* me, I shall give it up, and be quite sure that you are not in a complying humour—call me *Susan*, and I may have hopes?"

"Well then, my dear Susan I promise to do any thing, and every thing you would have me."

"Bravo!" cried Sir Arthur "the bird is caught!"

"You two pickles have succeeded to a miracle," added his lordship.

Lady Susan smiled and proceeded.

"Well then, my sweet Laura! the great secret is:—that you have now promised to go with us to London, to day, and remain there until I can prevail on Ernest to drive you back again."

"But my dear Susan, what will Mrs. Hanbury think of my leaving her in such an unceremonious a manner?"

Sir Arthur took up the matter here, with a—

"Poh! stuff and nonsense! let me alone—I'll bamboozle Dame Hanbury: I'll get a soft pillion and joult her up to London behind me, like a farmer's wife going to sell butter at a market, and when

we

we get home, I warrant you aunt Anne will look so *rum* at her, that I shall be obliged to carry her to my own quarters as a reward for my trouble."

"Hold your tongue!" cried his cousin, "and do you Laura go and put up some of your dressing things to see if you can out do my aunt, who is now grown more gay and killing than ever:—Ernest! go and order the rumble tumble to be ready for Laura's package."

His lordship almost flew out of the room in order to execute this agreeable commission, and Sir Arthur promised to entertain Mrs. Hanbury whom they distinguished by the click clack of her heels to be descending the stairs.

Lady Susan after paying her a few extravagant compliments on the goodness of her looks, dragged Laura into her room,

 where

where in spite of various representations of the aukwardness of going to Grosvenor Square without a previous invitation from the Duke of Montcastle, or Mrs. Scudamore; she forced her to equip herself, and assisted in throwing her things into small trunk, telling her, if she happened not to take enough finery, aunt Anne would help her out, who had laid in a large stock the day they came to London, as she believed, with a villainous, and malicious design upon the heart of poor Doctor Glynne; but that his good genius had removed him from the magic spells of his Calypso, and broke all her talismans, for they would most probably become perfectly antique, and unfashionable before their proposed meeting at Margate.

While the ladies were thus employed above stairs, Lord Dalton had been very busy in removing the cushions and great coats

coats, to make as much room in the carriage as possible. Sir Arthur was deeply engaged by Mrs. Hanbury, who was repeating some verses to him, under a strict promise of secrecy; which promise she earnestly hoped he would have more good breeding than to observe.

These verses she had herself composed, on the subject of Lord John's adoption of Henry and Laura.

Sir Arthur did not at first much relish her pitching on such a theme for the display of her poetical talents, but as she proceeded in her recitation, both the style and tone became so unconquerably ridiculous that every serious idea was put to flight, and nothing but the return of the ladies could have prevented him from forfeiting his general good manners, and giving vent to his mirth by a loud and violent explosion of laughter. Mrs.

Hanbury with a look of mystery, intended to excite enquiry, put the precious manuscript into her pocket.

Laura was too much accustomed to her flights to take any notice of this meretricious piece of modesty, but Lady Susan, who had some motives for wishing to coax and wheedle her a little, slily entreated to be indulged with a sight of some of the effusions of her elegant muse.

Mrs. Hanbury smiled, and told her, that there was no resisting such a pleader.

As her Ladyship was a little startled and annoyed at so unwelcome a compliance, with a mere complimentary request, she thanked her in the warmest manner, but dreading the weakness of her muscles, in resisting the risible ideas which would inevitably accompany a hearing of the threatened poem, she adroitly avoid-

ed

ed the danger which menaced them, by saying, in a polite tone of voice.

"Many thanks, dear Madam: by the way Mrs. Hanbury, I have with some difficulty prevailed on my dear Laura to accompany us back to London, provided you will have the goodness to spare her for a few days; I will myself have the honour of conducting her back to this favoured seat of the muses and the graces; when that period arrives, I trust that you will have the goodness to allow me a perusal of those exquisite poems, of which Fame speaks in such high, but at the same time in such very proper terms; at present I am so cruelly limited in my time, that I am sure I should lose many of the graces with which I understand your compositions are replete—beauties, which like those of Milton and the divine Shakespear, require more than the superficial glance of a cursory spectator—some Poets

 are

are to be comprehended in a moment, but I understand that the writings of Mrs. Hanbury are not to be measured by the general standard of ordinary capacities."

Gratified to the excess by this inflated compliment, Mrs. Hanbury blushed, (or seemed to blush) while Lady Susan fixing one eye on Laura, and keeping the other riveted on the object of her encomiums, continued her rhapsody.

"Happy! happy Miss Tempest! who can be daily charmed with such poetical ability—who can listen to such extraordinary versification—-and the favorite companion of her who might quote from the Paradise Lost—

"Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
"An Earthly guest, and thrust Empyreal air!"

Many

Many were the curtsies which succeeded this most undaunted compliment; but Mrs. Hanbury high proof against quizzing, was enraptured at such encomiums from a person of high rank; and most graciously gave her consent to Miss Tempest's departure, asking if she chose her maid to follow in the stage coach.

Lady Susan declined this proffer, by stating, that for so short a period her own woman would be very well able to attend them both. Lord Dalton then came in to hurry them, and after Mrs. Hanbury had been assailed with a loud volley of eulogiums from ever body present; she curtsied them to the door, and seeing them set off went directly to her writing desk, and began the first canto of an Epic Poem.

The spirits of Lord Dalton were animated to the highest pitch, by the pre-

 sence

sence of his lovely Laura: he declared to Lady Susan, that since she had kept him out so long, he was affraid he should miss his dinner at the mess, and would, therefore, beg for a knife and fork at the Duke's table, provided Mrs. Scudamore would excuse *boots* and *leathers*.

"I am sure Ernest" was her answer, "both Aunt Anne and my father will be very happy to have your company, for you know you are a great favorite; but I hope this visit *en passant*, will not hinder you from coming to-morrow, as you have asked Mr. Bouverie to meet you?"

"O no, Susan! I'll come! I am not so ceremonious as that neither—both Cosmo and myself will certainly be there, as I know, you little Gipsey, you would be disappointed if we failed."

After a most healthy and delightful

drive

drive Dalton set down the ladies in Grosvenor Square.

The Duke received Laura Tempest with all that urbanity and politenes, which are characteristical of the real nobleman, and the true gentleman. He goodhumourdly scolded Lord Dalton for having exceed the dinner hour, telling him, he dared not have served Lord Deloraine such a trick. Mrs. Scudamore who could never dispence with any of the ceremonious punctilos of etiquette, looked rather stiff at Laura for coming without a regular invitation, but a few compliments on her head-dress, from Lord Dalton, which he delivered in a careless easy manner, (more adapted to persuasion, than the most studied and elaborate harrangues) restored the smiles and dimples to her cheek.

As soon as the cloth was drawn Sir

Arthur quitted the company in order to prepare his exercises for the next day, which he was again requested to dine in Grosvenor Square, and as the dinner hour was considerably after that of evening school, he said he was in hopes of accomplishing the point.

In the evening the Duke gave Lady Susan a letter to read, which he had just received from his brother John. She retired to the drawing room with her aunt and Miss Tempest, where she perused the following epistles:—

To

To His Grace the Duke of Montcastle,

Grosvenor Square.

"My Dear George!

"Glynne tells me that you are
" very anxious to hear from me. I feel
" rather better at this place than I have
" been for some time past; quite well I
" fear I never shall be: but I feel great sa-
" tisfaction, when I can gain sufficient
" command over my bewildered mind,
" as to prevent my being a too heavy
" burthen upon the attentions and af-
" fectionate kindness of the best brother
" ever man was blessed with—did you
" know what I sometimes endure:——
" but I will not pain your sympathising
" heart with a description of what I suf-
" fer—I carry a malady about me which
" death alone can cure. I hope I am not
" culpable

" culpable in praying for a dissolution of
" this painful, feeble frame of mine: I
" hope, and trust, that my mournful dis-
" order is designed by a pitying God, as
" an expiation for my guilt in having
" caused my poor dear father such af-
" flictions—I broke his heart George—
" every time I am left alone in the still-
" ness of the night he comes sighing to
" my bed side, and tells me so—that,
" that terrible idea haunts me—it some-
" times makes me despair—but then the
" image of my mother comes smiling
" before my curtains and tells me that the
" mercy of my Heavenly father is great,
" as is his justice. O, George! George!
" you remember what pains that angel
" mother of ours took to instil into our
" minds an early love of God! I trust I
" never lost sight of her precepts, yet at
" the very time I most reverred them, I
" forsook their practice—I dare not trust
" my thoughts farther.

" I

" I sat down to write you a good account of myself, and the act has contradicted the intention; what an inconsiderate animal is the proud being named man!—forgive me—write to me—love me—I love *you*, heart and soul!—may the great fountain of mercy pour down his blessings upon you, and upon your *children's children!* for you have not transgressed.

" Come to Margate to me as soon as you can? my mind is now in a state to derive comfort from your society! from the society of all those beloved friends who in their affection for me, forgot the pain I know I often cost them! I wish much for Henry Tempest, but he is happy where he is—the moments of youthful felicity are few—why? oh, why! should I contract their fleeting duration?—I must ever love Deloraine and his stately Countess, for

" their

"their kindness to that excellent young
"man. I shall not ask Henry Tempest
"to come here before you all do: do
"not even hint it to him, I charge you!
"he is so grateful for an action of com-
"mon charity, that he would instantly
"make my slight *wish* his *own strict*
"*duty*.

"Remember me most affectionately
"to Laura, Susan, and Arthur Conyers.
"I enclose a letter I have received from
"my young friend Tempest, in order to
"raise him (if possible) still higher in the
"opinions of all who are dear to me.

"Farewell!—in sickness, in the hour
"of death, your grateful—your affection-
"ate brother.

"JOHN OCEANUS O'CARROL."

"*Margate*."

The

The enclosed letter from Henry ran as follows.

" FROM the days of earliest infancy,
" my ever honoured, my ever beloved
" preserver has strictly forbidden my
" lips to give utterance to the feelings of
" my heart:—for the wealth of worlds I
" would not offend him, but hard, most
" hard has this injunction been!—to re-
" ceive kindness, and acts of solicitous
" affection as matters of course, must be
" to possess such feelings as I hope my
" breast can never harbour. A whole
" life devoted to your service my dear
" Lord, would be inadequate for the re-
" turn of those bounties, which your
" overflowing goodness has long been in
" the habit of pouring down upon my
" sister and myself—when I lose the

" sense of the incalculable debt, may this
" unworthy heart forget to vibrate! Oh,
" my revered protector! trust me it was
" not with the intention of breaking the
" injunction of that silence you have im-
" posed upon me, by an *evasion* that I
" thus address you! give me I beseech
" you your candour and attention, while
" I explain my motives for this unusual
" appeal!"

" During my infancy, and even in the
" more advanced period of my youth,
" necessity compelled me to continue a
" pensioner on your Lordship's genero-
" sity; but it is now time, when through
" you I have been educated *for*, and
" established *in* the sacred profession,
" which being my choice you permitted
" me to embrace; that receving as I *do*
" from my worthy Rector, an ample re-
" muneration as his Curate, and likewise
" from the Duke of Montcastle, a most
" liberal

" liberal pecuniary compliment as his
" Grace's domestic Chaplain; pardon me
" my Lord, if I now decline being any
" further burthen upon that benevolence
" which can never want fit objects for its
" sublime exertions." " God forbid my loved protector, that by this
" act, which conscience tells me is a sacred duty, you should consider me as
" actuated by a detestable pride! or that
" I shall feel myself in the most minute
" particular absolved from my affectionate obedience to the mild commands
" of him whom I have ever loved and
" revered next to Heaven alone. Least
" your Lordship by a posterior knowledge, should be hereafter led to suspect me of dissimulation, I now confess it as my strong wish to influence
" my sister to accept the participation of
" my present annual income, and to entreat you (humbly) to abstain from a
" munificence which circumstances ren-
" der

" der now no longer necessary to either,
" I thought myself in making Laura *this*
" offer, but she declined it with a supe-
" riority of feeling, which though I own
" I now revere her for, I likewise confess
" I did not at first know how to appreci-
" ate. It must then remain thus, and
" if the sentiments of gratitude and
" honor, can ever so far desert me as to
" render me unmindful of my own per-
" sonal obligations, my loved! loved!
" Laura must be the pledge of my un-
" qualified avowal of the basest act that
" ever man committed. I solemnly con-
" jure you, my Lord, to believe that I
" was never more your dependent in
" every honourable sense of the word,
" than at the very moment I am entreat-
" ing you to seek another subject for
" your bounties — no! my honoured
" preserver!—I am not that vain weak
" creature, to think for a moment that I
" ever *can be independent*, for on your
" continued

" continued good opinion (and permit
" me the honor of adding your affection)
" I *depend* for all the future happiness of
" my life. May I hope for a favorable
" answer to this long letter? I shall also
" pray for a better account of your health
" and spirits: believe me my honored
" Lord to be your devoted, affectionate,
" dutiful, and most grateful,

" HENRY TEMPEST."

The Duke entered the room just as his daughter had made an end of reading; turning towards him, her eyes filled with tears at the affecting gratitude, and disinterested

disinterested nobleness of Henry, she exclaimed,

"How superior, my father, is our beloved friend, my dear Henry, to what we ever thought him! I would fain know Laura's reason for rejecting his liberal proffer of sharing his little annual income with her: I am sure the motives that actuated her must be both great and good, for he appears to speak of them as uncommon."

"I will ask him," replied his Grace, "if my brother will permit me; but, indeed, I am very uneasy about your uncle, who seems to me, whatever he my assert to the contrary, to labour under an increase of his malady; it is of the most afflicting kind, as he apparently labours under a consciousness of some fault, I dare answer for his having never committed. Glynne assures me it is a common, though

though a melancholy thing, for persons labouring under mental derangement, to imagine that they have committed the most dreadful crimes—even murder—and to fancy that they are haunted by the tormenting and avenging fiends of guilt. Such, he is convinced is the case of my unfortunate brother. I am determined to go down to him this week; we will all quit town the morning after the Birthday: I would go sooner, but Lady Deloraine and your aunt make a strong point of your being presented at Court, on that day, as you will not have another opportunity previous to your marriage."

Lord Dalton then interrupted his Grace with some questions about his horses—the Duke quitted his daughter, who could scarcely conceal her emotions at the mention of an event, which the discovery of her secret (now known to so

many different persons) would finally destroy. The much dreaded ceremony of going to Court—fresh expences must thereby be incurred—expences which she saw no mode of defraying:—yet to start an objection to any thing which originated with Mrs. Scudamore, would be to expose herself to a thousand enquiries, and a long list of the most scrutinising questions.

To parry the thrusts of this skilful antagonist exceeded her ability. Fate had caught her in the toils, and, like the poor reptile, tempted by the alluring sweet, she had entangled herself in a flattering ruin, and every effort to escape, only served to plunge her many fathoms deeper in despair. The gaming table, as it offered the evil, again seemed to suggest the remedy; her mind shuddered at the danger of the experiment—her thoughts were again in-

volved in gloomy darkness and obscurity, and the day star of hope, broke not with glimmering radiance through the shroud.

She was roused from her unpleasant reverie, by Lord Dalton suddenly asking her how long it was since she had written to Charles.

Her embarrasment at this so malapropos question, was considerably augmented by her aunt adding—

"True—and now you mention that—pray Lady Susan, what is the reason of his not having written to *you*!"

"What is all this about?" said the Duke; "I hope you and Charles have not quarrelled? if he has behaved ill to

my darling he shall suffer for it, I can tell him."

Though deeply confounded at these searching queries, her mind was too generous to allow her father to suppose that Woodville had been the aggressor.

She replied—"that, although they had certainly disagreed, she considered herself as having been the person in fault and would write to him."

She, therefore, requested her parent not to *interfere:* the smiling duke promised compliance.

Mrs. Scudamore looked inquisitive, but said not a word.

Lord Dalton coming behind her chair, whispered, that as he was afraid he had done

done mischief he would be off—and then told the Duke that he had taken the liberty of inviting a friend to eat *roast beef* with him at Grosvenor Square the next day.

His Grace very cordially promised a hearty welcome to *both*, but warned him to be sure to come in time, as he was going to the Theatre, where a box was at the service of any body who liked the amusement; his Lordship declaring that he should like to be of the party above all things, bowed and took his departure.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE Sir Arthur left Grosvenor Square on the preceeding day, Lady Susan had given him a note to Mr Stevens, requesting that gentleman to let her cousin have the money, and enclosed a receipt for one thousand pounds.

She was forced to have recourse to this

this method, as Laura being her guest, she could not consistently with politeness go out alone, and to make *her* her companion might lead to the developement of her whole secret.

There was in the character of Laura Tempest, a dignity, though of the mildest and most feminine species, which made it impossible to confide to her, any thing in the most remote degree dishonourable or reprehensible.

A secret of any kind would have been painful to this candid creature, whose thoughts and actions were all open as the blue vault of Heaven; and the secret of her unfortunate friend was most delicately elaborated and involved. Dearly as she loved Laura, Susan could not help feeling a consciousness of impropriety,

which gave her own mind a pang of painful humiliation.

Such was the sweetness of Miss Tempest's character, that, though she squared her own conduct by the most rigid rules of propriety and decorum, no human creature was ever more softly alive to the pitying claims of charity and commiseration.

Lady Susan had, indeed, been too much hurt by the gentle disuasives of the young Baronet, to run the risk of encountering the more energetic eloquence of Laura Tempest; this consideration withheld her from a confidence, which might have been the means of saving many pungent pang in future.

The appointed hour of dinner brought all the expected visitants to Grosvenor Square

Square. The Duke received Mr. Bouverie, who was not altogether a stranger to him, in the most affable, and politest manner.

Sir Arthur drawing his cousin aside, put into her hands a sealed packet, containing notes to the amount of £1000, telling her at the same time, how much Mr. Stevens had been chagrined at not having enjoyed the gratification of a personal interview, adding—that he had himself given the receipt to the lender, and desired him to seal up the bills, so that she had nothing to do but to pay Cosmo the money, an opportunity for which business, should in the course of the evening be given her.

As soon as the desert was placed on the table, the Duke ordering his carriage, desired the ladies to prepare for the

Theatre, at the same time giving Mr. Bouverie an invitation to accompany them.

Sir Arthur said he must leave them at tea, having been forbidden, to stay later, by his Tutor, who threatened to complain of him if he kept such irregular hours as he had lately done, which was, he observed, a very bad example for the rest of the scholars.

The Play-house was uncommonly crowded, and the Duke ordered his servants at a late hour, as he intended to stay the Farce, which happened to be a new one.

At the conclusion of the Play, Lord Dalton leaned over Lady Susan in a manner which totally precluded her from seeing any thing which was going forward;

ward; she desired him to move, but muttering something in a low voice, which she could not at all comprehend, he still continued to obstruct her view: the Duke speaking suddenly to him, he turned quickly round, and exactly opposite to her, Lady Susan beheld a sight which almost chilled the life blood at her heart.

Captain Woodville in the regimentals of the Corps to which he belonged, but with his dress in evident disorder, was talking very fast to a lady, whose face was enveloped in a long black veil; they were sitting in an upper box—the figure of the lady bore a strong resemblance to that of Mrs. Harcourt, but the appearance of Woodville in London, without her knowledge, so entirely overpowered her senses that the whole Theatre swam before her eyes, and her head fell on

Lord Dalton's shoulder, while Bouverie sat on the other side of her—in a tremulous voice she addressed his Lordship thus—

"Take me—take me hence, Earnest! I beg."

Lord Dalton, who had endeavoured to conceal this agitating sight from her, now perceiving that all his good natured efforts had been employed in vain, arose, and telling the rest of the party, that her Ladyship being taken suddenly ill was desirous of returning, bore her, with Sir Arthur's assistance from the box into the lobby.

They were here met by Mr. Bouverie who joined them with a smelling bottle he had borrowed from a lady in an adjoining seat; the next object which encountered the eyes of the unfortunate young woman

woman was Woodville, violently pressing through the crowd, which had by this time encompassed the party. He appeared quite intoxicated, and rushing up to Bouverie, who was in the attitude of extending the salts towards her, pushed him away, and bade him keep his distance, as he was determined not to be trifled with any longer.

Terrified least her friend should be exposed, Miss Tempest, who with the Duke and Mrs. Scudamore, had now joined them, entreated Lord Dalton to remove his brother.

She then, with Sir Arthur, supported Lady Susan, whilst the Duke requested Mr. Bouverie to go in search of some conveyance for his daughter.

Lord Dalton, more by muscular power,

than

than by oratorical persuasion, drew away his brother.

As Mr. Bouverie did not return, Sir Arthur relinquished his fair charge to the care of Laura and her aunt, and went himself to look out for a carriage.

As he was going out, Mrs. Harcourt's servants entered the passage. Confident that from her friendship with Lady Susan he might venture to take such a liberty, he ran back to the company, and bidding them follow, said, he had found a coach for the conveyance of his cousin, who still continued very unwell. When they gained the carriage they lifted her in, but ere they were aware of her intention, she darted out again, swift as the lightenings flash, and fell extended on the pavement.

Captain Woodville instantly sprang after her.

her. He had been sitting waiting in Mrs. Harcourts carriage, while her servants had been dispatched to inform her that it was ready.

Sir Arthur not having mentioned one word to the servants of his intention of employing them, they beheld Lady Susan placed in the carriage without speaking a word, supposing that their mistress would follow immediately.

Woodville raised the fallen fair one from the ground, and the Duke advancing, she was again placed in the carriage, the man receiving orders to drive to Grosvenor Square; Mrs. Scudamore and Miss Tempest accompanying her. His Grace and Sir Arthur followed on foot; Woodville had now disappeared among the crowd, without taking leave of any one.

Her

Her Ladyship recovered during the ride, and did all in her power to persuade her aunt, that her illness had been accidental, which the old lady implicitely believed; she had observed nothing of the behaviour of Woodville, save his being a little intoxicated; this latter circumstance in a vulgar man would have excited her utmost horror and abhorrence, but in a right honourable, she had ever a ready excuse rising in her heart and murmuring from her tongue.

Much as Lady Susan had suffered from the events of this evening, she found, on her return to her chamber, that the worst of it was still to come.

During her indisposition at the Theatre her pocket had been picked of the sealed packet, which had been sent her by Mr. Stevens.

Overwhelmed with Charles's strange conduct, and the immediate loss she had sustained—she ceased not from weeping the whole night, until absolute fatigue put a period to her sorrows, by sealing up her eyes in welcome slumber.

Lord Dalton called before she retired and sent her up a note by Miss Tempest, who had ran into the hall fearing it might be Charles Woodville, and resolving to prevent him from seeing Lady Susan, in his present inebriated condition; the note from Dalton merely contained these few words.

"DO not make yourself uneasy "my dear Susan, about Charles, his con- "duct was merely the effect of his being "in

"in liquor, added to a little spirit of na-
"tural jealousy at seeing that handsome
"Bouverie seated by your side, and ren-
"dering you the attentions your situation
"at the moment demanded:—I will bring
"him to you to-morrow, and he shall
"beg your pardon. God bless you!—
"good night!

"Yours Affectionately,

"*Dalton*."

Lady Susan was one of those tempers, which in the hour of distress are ever eager to grasp at the least shadow of comfort, and therefore derived all the consolation from this billet the goodnatured writer could have wished.

The

The next morning early after breakfast, the Duke, Mrs. Scudamore, and Miss Tempest, went to the Exhibition, at Somerset House, leaving Susan, at her own request, to keep house, as she had some reason to suppose from Dalton's note that Charles intended her a visit. To be out in such a case would have much afflicted her; she was in hopes that if Charles came, Dalton would leave them alone; and in that case she resolved to put a period to the torments she endured by one bold act of confidence.

That Woodville would apologise for his behaviour she did not entertain a doubt; and after the example of clemency she was prepaired to give, she felt confident that the heart of her admirer would prove equally generous, when confessing all her former faults and errors, with penitence for the past, and sincere assurances

of amendment for the future, she should throw herself upon his candour and his mercy. This confession seemed the only hope of peace that now remained: her secret was grown terrible to her; it undermined her health, and preyed upon her spirits.

About an hour after her father's departure Sir Arthur and Mr. Bouverie entered the room; they made very earnest enquiries after her health. Lady Susan sat in the utmost dread of Bouverie staying so long as to meet with Charles, and was much vexed with Sir Arthur for bringing him.

After an hours chat upon subjects (to the preoccupied mind of Lady Susan) of the most uninteresting nature, Sir Arthur arose, and coming up to the window in which she was seated, told her in a low voice

voice, he had brought Bouverie, to give her an opportunity of liquidating the debt, as she was in possession of the money—for that knowing the Duke and Mrs. Scudamore were both out, and *thinking* she would remain at home he was resolved to nick the opportunity, and take time by the fore lock; then suddenly exclaiming.

"Good bye, Susan! there's Lionel Falkland, my old school fellow!"

He burst out of the room—darted down stairs, and vanished out at the street door, leaving it open in his eagerness to escape.

Her Ladyship felt ready to sink into the earth: all her thoughts had been so totally absorbed in her uneasiness on her lovers account, that every remembrance of

of her pecuniary concerns had been erased from her mind, and until her cousin innocently reminded her of the debt, her late accident had escaped her memory. Her inability to discharge it, *now* occurred with aggravated horrours to her mind; she turned alternately pale and red—sitting like a trembling culprit in the dreadful moment that the retiring jury are in the act of pronouncing the sentence of existance or annihilation. Bouverie in the mean time, taking advantage of her situation, was pouring torrents of adulation on her deaf ear; perceiving her insensibility, he was pressing for an answer to his rhapsodical compliments, and had seized her almost lifeless hand, when Woodville, followed by Lord Dalton entered the room.

Aghast—confounded—she started up, when terror and alarm gave her agitated frame

frame every appearance of conscious guiltiness.

Bouverie kept his seat on the sofa, regarding the new comers with a snear of exultation, which to the facinated eyes of Charles appeared the conscious triumph of a successful lover.

Lady Susan extended her hand, which instead of rejecting with the violence his brother expected, he gently took, and with a sarcastic coldness congratulated her upon her recovery from her last nights indisposition. He then asked her if her companion was possessed of any infallible nostrum for the health of young ladies.

Terrified, more by this calmness than she had ever been before, by his most outrageous vehemence; Lady Susan could scarcely support herself. Charles's hand

as it held hers, now began to tremble, and felt cold as ice—his brows were contracted, and his lips quivered.

The goodnatured Lord Dalton apprehensive least Lady Susan should faint, desired them to sit down; then turning to Bouverie, asked him if he would walk: he replied—

"No! my Lord! I thank you for your intention of preventing my noticing your valiant brother for his *inuendo*—he shews his courage greatly, who affronts a man in the presence of a lady!"

Woodville bit his lips as he thundered forth.

"Sir! this language is perfectly consistant with the rest of your impudent conduct!"

Bouverie

Bouverie starting up desired Charles to follow him, and was about to vent his indignation by the most virulent expressions; when Sir Arthur rushed (shouting out) between them.

"Stop! stop, Charles!—for God's sake stop! *I* alone am to blame."

"How, Sir?" cried Woodville, "let me *pass?* nor with your boyish nonsense strive to obstruct the just resentment of a man of *honour!*"

"Nay—nay—Sir Arthur! pray leave Mr. Woodville alone? I need no assistance of yours—Bouverie never refused to follow *more* dangerous men than *Captain* Woodville."

Enraged at his assurance, Charles broke from his brother, and aimed a blow with all his fury at his antagonist, but Sir

 Arthur

Arthur rushing forward at the instant, received it in his own face—reeled—groaned—and fell at the feet of the petrified Woodville.

Horror—shame—and pity, took possession of the jealous lovers bosom. The three young men were united in assisting this generous victim of humanity.

Lady Susan violently rang the bell:—the countenance of Conyers was disfigured with blood—he was nearly stunned; but soon opening his eyes, he smiled in Charles's face as he faintly murmured—

"Do not be afflicted my dear Woodville! the blow has fallen on the *right* person; don't look so piteously—it cuts my heart! pray be comforted—I *am not* hurt."

A servant who attended the summons of

of Lady Susan's bell, was desired to tell *Buxton*, her aunt's woman, to haste down with a celebrated styptic, which Mrs. Scudamore hoarded up in her large family medicine chest; when the wounded Baronets face was rubbed with it, they found a large cut upon his under lip.

The eyes of Woodville were filled with tears at this sight, which he dashed off with the back of his hand, while Lady Susan sobbed aloud as she kissed her cousins forehead.

"There!" cried Sir Arthur "who would not bear ten times the pain I feel to be rewarded with a kiss from Lady Susan?"

Then shaking Woodville by the hand he thanked him for bleeding him, laughingly subjoining—

"You must not quarrel with Cosmo Bouverie, nor he with you:—Dalton introduced him here yesterday, and it *was my fault* that he came to day—so if that is not satisfaction enough for you High Mightiness, give me another knock o' the headpiece, and then shake hands, for I am positively resolved not to leave you till I see you perfectly reconciled."

"After my late barbarity," said Woodville, "to you, my dear Conyers, I can deny you nothing."

Charles then advanced towards Bouverie in the most dignified manner, saying, with an extended hand—

"Sir, I am sorry for my warmth."

"I am equally so for *mine* Sir," rejoined the other, at the same time gracefully

accepting

accepting the proffered pledge of returning peace.

Sir Arthur then proposed, as his wound had ceased from bleeding, to accompany Lord Dalton and Bouverie to the Duke, at the Exhibtion—they consented—Woodville first entreating pardon for his ferosity in the most humble terms, which the noble minded boy accorded with inexpressible dignity, and said, patting him on the side of the head—

"Now we are even—I have struck you in return, so set your heart at rest, and never mention the subject again—good bye! make it up with Susan if you *can*."

When left to themselves, Captain Woodville and Lady Susan remained silent for a few moments; then advancing towards her with great humility, he

 entreated

entreated her pardon for his late conduct in her presence.

"Charles! Charles! we have both been wrong, therefore both stand in need of forgiveness for our offences—I shall, therefore, propose a mutual act of oblivion—do you agree?"

"Will you think me unreasonable my dear Susan! if rejecting a proffer (very much perhaps to my own advantage) I solicit for the liberty of asking a few previous questions!"

"With all my heart—ask what questions you think fit; only, if *circumstances* happen to prevent my answering them *all* to your satisfaction, I must entreat your candour in return."

"The conditions are very unpleasant; yet such is my affection, that hard as they

they appear, I feel myself inclined to accept them—will you—will you, my dear Susan, refuse to satisfy my mind concerning those mysterious letters you received at my fathers house?"

"Thus far I *will* satisfy you Charles: *one* letter was from Mrs. Harcourt, and the other was from—from—an ugly old man—who—what is his name—you must allow me to suppress *that;* that I am forced to conceal."

"Well—well—be it so—only set my mind at rest, by condescending to say that it did not relate to Bouverie!"

"No—upon my *honour!*"

"The next question I propose is this; has not Cosmo taken advantage of my absence to intrench upon my rights, and

made you an offer of his fortune, heart, and hand!"

"Why really Charles, he *may* have made me such an offer this very morning, but my thoughts were so much occupied by a certain Dragoon, who like the ugly old man shall be *nameless*, that I did not hear a single word he said; as to his *heart*,—I believe that small article was left out by Dame Nature in his composition; and his fortune,—I fancy that, (as Doctor Glynne says,) is neither *here* nor *there;* but he is a man of family, and that according to aunt Anne, is a card of recommendation to any house; besides," added she archly, "he is quite an *Adonis*."

"Now my dear Susan, if you have any regard for *me* don't praise *him!* I can not bear it."

"Well—well—I will not; but now comes

comes *my* turn, and I require you to answer the questions *I* shall put. I will not reproach you for your jealousy, as that you say you cannot *help;* but how came you, who used to abuse Bell Harcourt so, to be in a box with her last night? I am convinced it was her, though she wore a veil; it must have been something extraordinary which made it your first care to wait upon HER."

Woodville paused—he was confused—but at length rejoined.

"I should not do my duty as your affianced husband, were I to conceal from you, that this detestable woman, under the mask of heedlessness and girlish vivacity, possesses the mind of a *Fiend*."

Lady Susan started, and fixing her eyes on his face without speaking, seemed by her look of astonishment to wait

an explanation of his assertions, with a painful anxiety.

In truth she expected nothing less than a full discovery of her errors at the gaming table, with the exposure of the heavy debts those errors had been the means and motives of her contracting. . Woodville proceeded—

"I received an anonymous letter shortly after your arrival in the Metropolis, tending to excite the most violent resentment against, (what the writer termed) your perfidious conduct. Bouverie was named as my successful rival, and no means left untried to shake my opinion of your constancy. This letter, though written in a hand evidently meant to be disguised, was from a lady. I thought the latter part strongly resembled characters I had seen before, although I could not at the moment exactly

actly tell *where*; turning over my portfolio I found a song, given me by you, written on the back of one of Mrs Harcourt's notes."

"Distracted with rage, I could not help suspecting, that the intelligence conveyed by one who was so closely connected with you, must have some foundation in truth: I set out instantly for town, never considering the propriety of changing my uniform to another dress. Crossing to Southampton in an open boat, I rode post until I came to Hounslow, where necessity compelled me to take some refreshment. Fatigue of body and mind, aided by some execrable wine, with which my host assiduously plied me, operated in reducing me to the state in which you beheld me. I went directly to Mrs. Harcourt's, but found she was gone to the Theatre:—I followed, met with, and taxed her as the writer of the letter

letter I produced. She avowed herself the writer, declaring at the same time, that nothing but the regard she felt for me could have induced her to expose so near and dear a friend. She worked upon my bewildered senses until I became as wax in her hands, and she had the power of moulding me into any form she might think proper. At that moment my eyes met yours; I saw your head fall on my brothers shoulder, but Bouverie was also by your side. I felt for your surprise at seeing me so improperly situated, but the agonies of despair getting the mastery over every other perception, I rushed down stairs the moment I beheld you borne out of the box by Ernest and Sir Arthur. Had Bouverie touched you I do believe that I should have sacrificed him on the spot—it was nothing but my brother's superior strength in forcing me from the place, which could have prevented me from

proceeding

proceeding to acts of the most unbecoming violence. When he drew me away I slipped from him in the crowd, and finding Mrs. Harcourt's carriage and servants ready, I got into the coach and sent the footman to desire his mistress to come to me. Conceive my astonishment when you were put in the same vehicle into which I had fled as a refuge to conceal me from the sight of your distress! for notwithstanding all my anger, the contemplation of it harrowed up my soul. When you leaped out, I followed to assist you, but the first object which presented itself before me, was the detested form of Bouverie. I darted into the midst of the crowd to avoid manifesting the frenzy into which that sight had thrown me. With a mind thus irritated, can you not find some palliation for my suspicions this morning, when I found you *téte-á-téte* with a man I had thus

been

been taught to consider as a rival? can you not pardon me my dear Susan?"

"Indeed I don't know what to say to you Woodville—I almost dread venturing upon one of so inflamable a temper—but I will forgive you *this* time—it must be upon one *condition* though."

"Name it, and be it what it may, I *consent*."

"Then promise me to behave to Bouverie as if nothing had happened, for believe me, to shew resentment towards him would be a degradation to me, as it would evince your ill opinion of my stability."

"I can not bear to hear you plead for him, Susan! but to evince my thorough confidence in you, I will do what you wish: but do not encourage him to be

intimate

intimate here, I beseech you!—I will confess to you, that in addition to her other machinations, Mrs. Harcourt excited my suspicions against poor Arthur, whom she denounced as a tool employed by Bouverie, whose brother is his school fellow, declaring at the same time, that I was the dupe of both you and him; indeed my suspicions were confirmed by Arthurs having refused to become a *medium* through which I might obtain a knowledge of your conduct.

" My jealousy prevented me from properly appreciating the motives of this generous noble youth! for refusing the employment I had assigned him. Had I possessed my senses I ought to have considered that the proposition was a gross insult."

" Arthur with all the amiable innocence which is the strong characteristic of child-
hood

hood, possesses an understanding which graces the more advanced period of manhood; few indeed of that state possesses equal soundness of judgement, with proportionable goodness of heart. I owe him every apology for the brutality of my conduct, but the blow so improperly aimed in your presence, was not intended for *him*."

"It is a happy circumstance, my dear Charles, that it fell where it *did*, I am confident that Arthur would much rather bear his trifling portion of pain, than that Bouverie should have been struck; for *then* the most dreadful consequences must have ensued:—good for nothing, as you are, I must have been truly miserable had you been killed in a duel—the same ball would have killed *two* persons, I promise you."

"A thousand thanks my charming angel!

angel! for this endearing solicitude—and now you are in so favourable a temperature, may I venture to plead for a reduction in the time appointed for my probation? consent I entreat you, to my proposal to our parents, for doing away my father's clause in the contract, and instead of Christmas, promise me to become my wife on my birthday, which is in August."

"No, no, Charles!—there you must excuse me, and I beg of you not to repeat what you have so often urged in vain."

She here proposed walking in the Square till the return of the party from the Exhibtion, well knowing that Woodville might speedily ask her some questions, which in spite of her former resolutions of *confidence*, she found she had not yet the fortitude to answer.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING dinner, the Duke who had attributed Woodville's odd behaviour to the mere effects of intoxication thought no more of it; His Grace asked him if he had seen his father and mother, on his road to town? He in some confusion answered, that he had not called, but his sister

sister Harriot, in a letter, had made mention of his mother's design of being in town the next week for the Birth-day.

"And then," added he, turning to his betrothed, "you and Harriot may be presented together; I tell her she is too young, but my mother wishes her to visit with Louisa."

Woodville then informed them that he must return to his regiment the next day, as he had only been able to procure a limited leave on *particular business.* In the course of the evening the goodnatured Duke presented him with a beautiful miniature of his daughter, saying—

"My dear Woodville! you do not more ardently wish to call Susan your wife, than I do for the period, when I may confide the darling of my heart to the

the guidance and protection of a man, who is dear to me as my own son; and fondly as I love her, should she ever prove unworthy of you I shall be the first to censure and condemn her—but should you abuse this sacred trust, my heart would break! She is the only comfort age has left me! my poor brother is, you know, a constant source of anxiety, and nothing but a natural flow of good spirits could support me through the trials which the loss of my own Susan and his malady occasion. Should I die before him, which is probable (though I am not much his senior) yet I have heard it remarked, that persons labouring under mental derangement live to a great age, therefore Charles, should he survive me, in addition to my daughter, I have bequeathed *him* to your care. I entreat you to prevent mercenaries from preying upon the estates which will accompany the title."

Much

Much affected at the Duke's extraordinary speech, Woodville could scarcely sufficiently recover himself to assure him of the grateful sense he entertained of the confidence reposed in him, and to promise a filial tenderness towards the person of the unhappy Lord John. He wished much to have spoken on the subject of hastening his marriage, but was prevented by Lady Susan's return with Miss Tempest and Lord Dalton, who had been amusing them with his lively sallies.

Woodville having take an affectionate leave of Lady Susan, and exacted a promise of regular correspondence, left town the next day.

No sooner was her lover gone, and her mind now left at leisure for reflection, than the late loss of her money recurred

to it, heightened by every aggravating circumstance.

She begged Miss Tempest to excuse her, and without saying a word to her aunt, whose opposition she dreaded, attended by her footman she went to Mrs. Williams's.

Enquiring for Sir Arthur she was shewn into his room. With many tears did she recount the terrible loss she had sustained. Though he sincerely sympathised in her distress, he thought that her present sufferings might perhaps afford her a better lesson of prudence than any other occurrance. Contrary to his usual custom, therefore, instead of comforting her under her calamities, he endeavoured to make her sensible of the extent of her involvements, until her sobs and tears encreasing, he could bear the sight of her anguish no longer, but bidding her wait till

till he returned—snatched up his hat and ran out of the house. In about an hour he returned in a hackney coach with Mr. Stevens, who presented her with notes and drafts to the amount of six hundred pounds more, promising her the residue on the next day.

He said it was a fruitless attempt to endeavour at the recovery of the money she had lost, as, owing to the hurry in which he had collected the notes, he had failed to take down their numbers.

Her Ladyship, with many thanks, signed a paper making herself his debtor for sixteen hundred pounds, and left a receipt for the remaining four hundred with her young cousin.

Mr. Stevens having taken his leave, she put up four hundred and fifty pounds, the amount of her debt to Bouverie, and sealing

sealing it close, bade Sir Arthur take some opportunity to give it him with his own hands, but as if he was ignorant of his commission. As soon as she got home she sent the remaining part of the interest money due to the Jew, meaning when Mr. Stevens sent the rest to pay off all she could. She then attempted to apologise to Sir Arthur, for the disagreeable circumstance which had occurred to him, through his kind interference in the late quarrel.

"O, never mention that cousin," was his reply, "I would suffer ten times as much for you and Woodville any day, though really he has such a formidable fist,—when you come to marry him, I would advise you never to fight; but since you have mentioned the subject, you may, if you please, read a letter I was just writing to him when you came in, seal it, and when you have studied the

the contents, let your man put it into the post-office, for I must now run to school."

As he went out he slipped his letter into her hands; she opened it and read as follows:—

" *To the Honourable Charles Woodville.*"

" Dear Woodville,

" Though I am no great judge " in these matters, yet have I a shrewd " guess, that what I am now doing is " right. I thought it very natural, that, " upon my taking the blame (if there " was any) of bringing Bouverie to the

" Duke of Montcastles upon myself,
" that you might wish to know a little
" more of the business; I had also a
" suspicion, that in consequence of the
" *little bye blow* it was my fortune to
" come in for, that you were withheld
" by delicacy from asking me any ques-
" tions. Perhaps it may not be right to
" interfere between man and wife; but
" you and Susan being as yet, not ex-
" actly in that *enviable* predicament, I
" may probably be pardoned for wishing
" to settle some trifling qualms, which I
" imagine to be incidental *a la belle*
" *passion*.

" You must know then, most noble
" Captain, that this confounded fellow
" Cosmo Bouverie, has a brother who
" is my school fellow, and a great croney
" of mine: and to do him justice, I
" thought Mr. Cosmo highly gifted with
" fraternal love; I little suspected that
" his

"his visits at good Mrs. Williams's
"meant neither more nor less than pay-
"ing his court to your humble servant;
"not for my own sweet sake, but that of
"*ma belle cousine;* to be sure, once or
"twice, when I was going to Grosvenor
"Square, he offered to walk with me,
"but as I never asked him in, there was
"no harm done. Now that *sweet, mild,*
"and *sincere friend* of Susan's, the *consci-*
"*entious* Mrs. Harcourt, introduced him,
"and your wise brother took him one
"evening to dine at the Duke's; I al-
"lude to the very night you saw him at
"the Theatre; now poor pill-garlic little
"dreaming that your honour wished to
"seclude your future bride from the eyes
"of every tolerable handsome man, least
"she should make the vast discovery
"of your not being *all perfection*, com-
"plied with his request, and took him
"to call upon her, the morning you in-
"terrupted, what *(upon my honour)* was

" a mere accidental *téte á téte*:—I owe it
" to my own justification, to inform you
" I had not quitted the room five minutes
" when you came; seeing my old school
" fellow Lionel Falkland from the win-
" dow, I had just stepped to speak a
" moment to him—you happened to
" come down the contrary street, or you
" would have seen me talking to him
" without my hat, a sure proof that I did
" not intend to stay long.

" I know why Mrs. Harcour *hates* me;
" she thinks I often prevent my cousin
" from going to her parties—I make no
" doubt but she has told you I am that
" most contemptable of all wretches—a
" *go between*. I have written you a lon-
" ger letter than ever I wrote in my life,
" to exculpate my dear Susan from the
" charge of inconstancy, or encouraging
" that impudent Bouverie; do not I beg
" of you then, for the future, make your-
" self

"self unhappy without any reason. God
"bless you! write to me soon to say
"you are satisfied—write to Susan too—

"Yours faithfully,

"and affectionately,

"A. W. Conyers."

Very much pleased with her cousins goodnatured explanation of the apparent mysteries which had involved her conduct, she sent off the letter according to his direction.

Many motives prevailed in making her thankful for being exempted from this duty

duty in her own person, the accusing memory of her heavy debts was not the least of these, and the name of Bouverie could not be by her pronounced without a trepidation she was willing to avoid before Woodville's jealous eye.

Lady Susan, therefore, returned home in tolerable spirits; she was met in the hall by Laura Tempest, whose April face contended in smiles and tears—running to her, she threw her arms round her neck as she exclaimed.

"Wish me joy, dear Susan! I have such good news to tell you!"

"Tell it directly Laura, for no one will more truly sympathise in your felicity.

She then leading her into the breakfast

fast room, informed her she had just received a letter, stating to her that the Duke had presented Henry with a living near town, of £500 per annum, and which had been vacant but a very short period.

"And now," added she, "I can with honour accept his generous proposition of participating his income with me. My good brother, dear Susan, when he had only an hundred and fifty pounds a year, declined receiving a continuance of pecuniary favours from our noble benefactor, and making the same proposal to me, offered me the moiety of this scanty pittance. I trust you will appreciate the motives that induced me to reject his wishes; but Susan, though I hope ever to preserve a proper independency of mind, which may prevent my disgracing the hand that reared my helpless infancy, I still think Henry's notions perfectly

 right;

right; It is certainly more humiliating for a man, than for a woman, to subsist upon the bounty of another; it is the duty of my brother to employ his talents, and his excellent education to the purpose of obtaining his own support, and I honoured and loved him the better for his candid offer to me; yet at the precise time he made it, I should have been a burthen upon him, and must have deeply offended your beloved uncle; he would have attributed my retreat from the assylum in which he had placed me, to an odious pride—to a want of consideration for the narrow extent of a brothers fortune. The case is now different, and by accepting my Henry's offer of going to live with him, I do not make myself in the slightest degree independent of Lord John: no!—so help me Heaven!—my motive is not pride!—but now my brother can without inconvenience provide for me; the munificence of his Lordship will find other

other objects for the exercise of its bounty."

Lady Susan congratulated Laura sincerely upon a circumstance which apparently gave her so much pleasure; but though she admired her motives, she combated her resolutions of renouncing the liberality of her uncle, because she knew, that, whatever might be the cause, the effect would deeply wound his romantic disinterested mind.

These arguments were vain, and she left Laura to the task of writing to Henry and Lord John. She met her father on the stairs, who gave her the following letter from Woodville, addressed to himself.

" *For His Grace the Duke of Montcastle,*
&c. &c.

" Grosvenor Square."

" To thank you, my Lord, for the
" honour and confidence you so solemnly
" reposed in me, the last time I had the
" honour of seeing you, is the purport
" of my present address. I will not, my
" Lord, descend to protestations, they
" are unworthy of us both: the trust
" reposed in me, proves that you do not
" expect them, and you might with jus-
" tice imagine, that if *I* did not think
" my own *word* sufficient to enforce be-
" lief, *you* ought to place but little faith
" in oaths and asservations.

" I ardently pray for the period, when
" I may by my *actions* demonstrate the
" sense which I entertain of your ines-
" timable

" timable gift; when in the character of
" your beloved daughters husband, I may
" render you the affection, and all the
" dutiful attentions of a son. Reverently, and fondly as I love and respect
" my own father, the sacred bond of
" nature can alone render him dearer to
" me, than the man, who by bestowing
" upon me my adored Susan! gives me
" all that can make life desirable; with
" a mind strongly impressed with a greatful sense of your confidence, I beg your
" Grace to consider me your—affectionate, respectful, and grateful,

" Humble Servant,

" Charles Dacres Woodville."

" *PS. I solicit every kind rembrance to my*
" *beloved Susan, whose image can never*
" *cease to live in the heart of her friend*
" *and admirer, while the pulse that animates it shall continue to vibrate in the*
" *bosom that contains it.*"

She returned the letter to her parent and bursting into an involuntary flood of tears, ran into the drawing room, whether she was followed by her father.

"Why do you weep dear child," cried he, "at such proofs of affection from him whom I have destined to replace my loss! speak my darling hope! my only blessing! what is it that distresses you?"

She could not recover herself until the dread of exciting her father's suspicions suddenly occurring, she wiped away her tears, and muttering something perfectly unintelligible about her joy, and attributing her emotions to its effects, she kissed the Duke's hand, and hastily passing him, returned to her chamber.

Here she indulged in sorrow, and bitter repentance of her past imprudence, sincerely resolving to exert her resolution, to make

make herself more worthy of the invaluable blessing such a man as Woodville would prove to any woman of common prudence or understanding.

She was interrupted in a chain of these pensive ideas by the entrance of Mrs. Scudamore, who came to know whether she would accompany her to chuse a court dress for her presentation: what was she to do? here would be fresh debts incurred—debts which she could entertain no hope of discharging, her whole annual income being barely sufficent to defray the necessary replenishment of her wardrobe, and to pay the interest money now due to the Jew; now Mrs. Scudamore whenever she asked her assent to any measure, had no idea of its being taken literally *as* a *request*, that said word in her translation of it, meaning no other thing than a possitive *command*. Lady Susan therefore, however reluctantly, was compelled

pelled to agree, begging Miss Tempest to accompany and assist her with *her* taste.

She chose a plain white crape dress over sarsnet, to be sent untrimmed, but great was her surprise, when the day before the Birthday, it was sent home trimmed with the most beautiful lillies of the valey, embroydered with silver, and sprigged with green leaves, and Laura Tempest entreated her to accept her work as a gift of friendship. Her father presented her with a beautiful set of pearls, and her aunt with a diamond aigrette.

The most valuable of her presents came from Lord John, she had long solicited her uncle for his picture, he now sent it her with an affectionate, though a melancholy letter, enforcing all the duties she was so soon to undertake, and begging her still to reserve a corner in her heart for *him*.

When

When she went to pay her respects to the Earl and Countess of Deloraine, upon their arrival in town, she fancied that his Lordship regarded her with a scrutinising look, and during her stay, often adverted to gambling and dissipation.

The Countess ever grand and stately, received her with more kindness than ever; yet she felt so much disordered by Lord Deloraine's looks, that she hastened to take leave, promising to be ready the next day, at the hour appointed, to accompany the family to St. James's. The Earl saw her to her carriage, and as he handed her in, said in a low solemn voice, "BEWARE!"

Her terrors were inconceivable least he should have discovered her misconduct. Now when Charles appeared in the most amiable light, when her dear father and her uncle ardently desired the marriage,

marriage, she felt that she could not bear the loss of Woodville—a loss occasioned too by her own indiscretion.

The day after the presentation, the Duke and Mr. Tempest set out for Margate, to pay a short visit to Lord John, and to relieve Doctor Glynne, who did not think it proper to trust him solely to the care of Ben.

Though this honest tar was unweariedly zealous in his attentions, they were by his petulant master often deemed officious, and he would sometimes peremptorily forbid him, as his servant, to appear in his presence.

On the Sunday after the Birthday Lady Susan and Mrs. Scudamore, with Doctor Glynne and Miss Tempest, accompanied Lady Deloraine and her daughter to Kensington Gardens, where they

they were joined by Lord Dalton, Sir Arthur Conyers, and several young men of fashion.

The party having stopped to speak to some young ladies in the crowd, Miss Tempest was separated from them—she was soon joined by Lord Dalton, who entreated her to peruse at her leisure a paper which he presented to her; she begged to decline this request.

"Why would you refuse me madam?" said he, "you must be assured I would never offer you any thing improper, and this reserve accords not with that title of friend, by which you honoured me so lately."

Sir Arthur coming up at the moment prevented her reply—his Lordship looked vexed at the Baronets abrupt question, of—

"What

"What are you about?"

Dalton sharply replyed. "If Sir Arthur Conyers minded his marbles and his tops, it would become him better, than interfering in matters which do not concern him."

The good natured youth cast at him a look of appeal, which in a moment disarmed all his asperity. To discover and confess a fault, were momentary actions with Lord Dalton—he held out his hand, saying—

"I am heartily ashamed of my bad temper, Arthur—so *forgive* me!"

"With all my heart my Lord, only the next time I play at marbles you shall play *with* me, and then both will be even, for you know, according to our friend, Mrs. Harcourt, you are a rude-school boy yourself

yourself. But I came to recall you two wanderers; Lady Deloraine is tired, so we are all to return; taking the privilege of not being a young lady I intend to disobey and remain where I am, for I want to pick a quarrel with that female Machiavel Mrs. Harcourt, who I hear is in the gardens, with her *York Tan* husband.

His Lordship then led Laura to the carriage, entreating, as he left her, to give due consideration to the contents of his paper, and to give him a speedy answer, for which he would send his servant the next morning.

Laura was silent during the ride, and the moment she got home, ran up stairs to her room, eager to learn the contents of her letter: she had just torn it open, and was about to satisfy her curiosity, when Mrs. Scudamore tapped at her door, and without waiting for an answer, walk-

ed

ed in to ask her opinion what dress she should wear, being more than commonly anxious, as Doctor Glynne, was to make one of the dinner party at the Earls.

Very much provoked at this frivolous interruption she gave herself no time for deliberation, but coldly replied—

" A *turban* madam."

" O then my dear Miss Tempest! will you grant me a most immense favor!"

" Certainly madam, any thing in my power," rejoined Laura, with her downward eyes still fixed on the paper she held in her hand.

Little did the young lady divine the test to which her good humour was about to be exposed, for Mrs. Scudamore putting

ting on one of her most gracious smiles said—

"Well then, my dear, you will oblige me infinitely if you will be so good as to pin one on my head like that you wore yourself yesterday."

Laura's mind was so much absorbed in her anxiety concerning the contents of Lord Dalton's letter, that she heard not a word which was said to her; but when aunt Anne repeated her strange request, with as good a grace as she could assume, though not without a stifled sigh or two, she complied.

She was in the act of head-dressing when Lady Susan ran into the room. Now her Ladyship, though a sweet tempered young woman, yet was distinguished by a few of those fiery particles which

predominated

predominated in the constitution of her uncle, Lord John O'Carrol.

The least idea of any one being at all dependent, hurt her, and that they should be made to *feel* that dependency, grieved her. A degree of pride, which any want of respect to her own person could not have excited, was ever roused in the behalf of any object she thought treated with an insolent familiarity.

She was well aware that her aunt was not in possession of these amiable qualities so requisite to the feelings of persons in inferior situations of life. The sight which now presented itself to her, was of course sufficient to rouse every generous energy of her soul; Laura's look of absence and vexation, she attributed to the liberty her aunt had taken in requesting her to performe the office of a *fille de chambre;* but least Laura should

should *not* be sensible of this impertinence, she resolved to curb her anger until left alone with Mrs. Scudamore, so contented herself with putting an end to what so much disturbed her, by saying—

"Well, if Buxton is not the mildest creature in the world—this is quite enough to make her declare war against you madam:—I advise Miss Tempest to keep out of her way—and as for you, you will not have your head dressed fit to be seen for these six weeks."

"O dear!" said Mrs. Scudamore, quite dismayed, "do you think so? I would not put her out of humour for the world, for she never takes pains when she is affronted."

"You may depend on what I say madam; but to take all blame from you, I will call her. Here, Buxton!" cried her Ladyship,

Ladyship, putting Laura aside, and taking her place at Mrs. Scudamore's chair.

" Buxton, I have been dressing your lady's head, and can make nothing of it, do let us see what your skill can effect!"

The woman gratified at finding that it was Lady Susan, and not Miss Tempest, who had been preferred to her by her mistress, was in tolerable good humour, and followed Mrs. Scudamore to her room. The niece resolving to make the aunt sensible of the impropriety of her request to a young lady situated as Laura was, who was now left in quiet possession of her apartment.

She then drew the letter from her pocket, and opening it, with eager curiosity read as follows:—

" *To*

To Miss Laura Tempest, at His Grace the Duke of Montcastles,

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

"By what name, or by what title "am I to address her, upon whose fiat "the happiness of my future existence "must depend? you have permitted me "the honour of calling myself your "friend, though there are some appella-"tions more tender, yet to a mind like "yours, there can be none more solid, "or more prevailing. It it is true, my "dear Miss Tempest, that your friend-"ship alone, cannot satisfy my heart; but

 "on

" on that foundation I rest my hope of
" finally obtaining your love.

"From the first moment that my
" heart became sensible to female virtue
" and merit, it selected Laura (the com-
" panion of my childish sports) as the
" model of all that my youthful fancy
" could conceive of earthly perfection.
" The reflection of my riper years co-ope-
" rating with the effects of comparison,
" all tended to the justification of my
" previous opinion.

" You may, perhaps, imagine a man so
" volatile as myself, but little calculated
" for the calm enjoyments of domestic
" life. Pardon me—but the same
" flow of exuberant spirits, which, Alas!
" often hurries me into wildness and
" error, would only serve to render my
" home, not a *confinement*, but a delight-

" ful

" ful *retreat*, where assured of not hav-
" ing my most innocent words and ac-
" tions misconstrued, I might freely give
" way to the indulgence of my natural
" vivacity.

" I am, believe me, heartily tired of a
" single life; for trust me, however we
" may disguise it, we batchelors are but
" poor miserable beings, when after a
" chearful party we return to our solitary
" houses, without one joy-beaming coun-
" tenance to congratulate our return.

" If I know myself at all, though I may
" have *neglected* some of my duties, I
" trust that I have never *violated* any,
" nor do I remember to have been guilty
" of any flagrant vice:—I am no game-
" ster—I am not a drunkard—neither
" have I been remarkable for extrava-
" gance: thus with mere *negative* virtues,

 " can

" can you Miss Tempest, who possess
" them *all* in the most *eminent* degree,
" condescend to bestow yourself upon
" one, who however little he has prac-
" tised them, knows how to appreciate
" your good qualities?

" Permit me, I intreat you, to solicit
" Lord John O'Carrol to whom (I con-
" fess, I believe) my offer will not be
" wholly disagreeable. My own father
" and mother's approbation I will sue for
" immediately on the receipt of your
" answer.

" You may, perhaps, be surprised at
" my addressing you by letter, when I
" have so many opportunities of speak-
" ing to you upon this subject: but
" much assurance as I have been sup-
" posed to possess, love has made a
" coward of me; I was so fearful of being
" less

"less delicately respectful than you "might expect, that, though but an "indifferent correspondent, I have thus "trespassed upon that time which you "so well know how to employ to ad- "vantage. In ardent hope for a favour- "able answer to my proposal, permit me "Madam, the honor of subscribing "myself

"Your Devoted,

"Humble, and most

"Respectful Servant,

"*Dalton.*"

Pleasure—surprise—and a thousand agreeable mixed emotions for a few moments took possession of the mind of Laura;

Laura; she read the letter a second time.

Ernest had ever been her favorite in all their little plays and sports; five or six years older than herself, he had always behaved towards her with peculiar tenderness—with a softness the more remakable from his being usually accounted a rough and boisterous boy. As they grew up they met but seldom, yet the little they did see of each other tended to encrease Laura's partiality towards him. Careless to those for whom he felt no particular predilection, the manners of Dalton were more interesting and engaging to those for whom he felt a genuine concern.

To Laura he had ever been peculiarly attentive; for though a young man of high fashion, universally admired and carressed,

carressed, his manners were void of the slightest tincture of affectation; consequently without any intention he was frequently negligent of *les petites morales*, and the rigid forms of ceremonious etiquette.

Though in his person he was extremely handsome, no man living could be more unconscious of this adventitious advantage, and no one breathing could be less of a coxcomb.

That Ernest should make her an offer of marriage, at the very moment of delight, brought a bitter pang to the sensible and scrupulously delicate heart of Laura.

To have become the wife of Dalton would have raised her to the summit of terestrial felicity—but no prospect however

dazzling could make her for a moment hesitate what path she ought to persue: the happiness of Ernest, his honour—his duty to his parents, were now the chief objects of her reflective attention.

For his felicity she would have sacrificed her own, in every article where *conscience* did not interfere: But *unacknowledged*—the dependent on a noble family, from whose benevolent countenance alone she had derived those advantages which had engaged the affections of Dalton (for Laura was too diffident to place any thing to the account of her personal attractions) was she—the child of charity, the offspring of parents who refused to claim—was *she* basely to take advantage of the honourable notice which Lord and Lady Deloraine had bestowed upon her, and *reward* them by stealing into their family as the wife of their son, the

the heir and future hope of their exulting hearts!—No!—whether by birth noble, or obscure, the heart of Laura Tempest was composed of the nicest particles of honour and of honesty!

She determined consequently to put an end at once to the hopes of Lord Dalton, believing that her mind would be more easy after she had put it out of her own power to recant. She then, though with an internal struggle between duty and inclination, wrote the following answer to his Lordship.

For Lord Dalton.

"Impressed with the sincerest "gratitude for the distinguished ho-

" nour your Lordship has conferred upon " me, the remembrance of our early " friendship and my sense of your merit " renders this the severest snd most pain- " ful task of my life; yet am I proving " myself not totally unworthy your " Lordship's good opinion, by the nega- " tive I find myself called upon by every " feeling of honour and rectitude, to put " on your offer.

" You, my Lord, are the heir apparent " of a noble family, who have a right to " expect, that when their dignity and " happiness depend on you, you should " not hesitate in sacrificing some perso- " nal gratifications to their wishes.

" Pardon me?—it is by no means my " intention to dictate to you the line of " conduct which you ought to adopt; " all I wish to express is—my perfect sense

" sense of gratitude for the highest com-
" pliment which a man of sense, can
" confer upon a woman of honour; and
" at the same time to assure your Lord-
" ship, that the title of your friend, which
" I am anxious to retain, is the only ad-
" vantage I can derive from your offer;
" that you may meet with one your equal
" in rank, fortune, and merit, is the sin-
" cere wish of

" My Lord,

" Your Lordship's Obliged

" very Humble Servant,

"*Laura Tempest.*"

Dissatisfied with her answer, and yet quite unable to please herself better, she prepared to accompany her friends to Lord Deloraine's: painful were her efforts to conceal those emotions to which Dalton's epistle had given birth; yet far inferior were they to those which agitated Lady Susan O'Carrol, who in every look from the Earl fancied that she read a discovery of her secret. In the Countess' conduct there appeared a degree of pity, that both alarmed and humiliated her.

Guilt and conscience rendered her situation so painfully unpleasant, that, unable to support herself, she complained of a head-ach, and proposed returning early in the evening.

This was a proposition extremly agreeable to Laura, who had made many fruitless efforts to enter into conversation: to Mrs.

Mrs. Scudamore it was not quite so palatable, for she had detained Doctor Glynne in a long detail of some Galvanic experiments, and could hardly resolve to relinquish her present position.

She told her niece, that, as the carriage was not ordered till late, she could not return, and advised her trying the air of the balcony.

Her Ladyship complied:—as she stood in it, she saw Lord Dalton pass on foot—he entered the house — when Susan, much to the confusion and annoyance of Laura, proposed to him to walk home with her and Miss Tempest, observing, that the coach might come for her aunt.

Mrs. Scudamore finding that by this arrangement she should be left unmolest-

ed at her post by Doctor Glynne, warmly seconded the motion, saying—

"Susan will be better for having it her own way—contradiction always makes her worse."

"Yet, Madam!" said Lord Deloraine sternly, "though the remedy is bitter at first, it may not finally prove the less efficacious; some people have *too much their own way*, both for their own happiness and for that of all who are concerned with them."

Though Lady Susan keenly felt, that he must have some meaning in this piercing rebuke, she yet determined to appear unconscious of it, theretore going up to him good humouredly, she said—

"Good night, Papa."

The

The Countess insisting upon her putting on an Indian shawl, commanded her to take care of herself, and go to bed early.

Lady Harriot lent Bonnets to both, and each of them taking an arm of Lord Dalton they sat out. Sir Arthur, who had been dining at Hampstead joined them a few paces from the door: Lady Susan took *his* arm, committing her friend to that of his Lordship. They were soon in Grosvenor Square, and Susan's indisposition having vanished the moment she felt herself freed from the scrutinising glances of Lord Deloraine, she proposed entering the plantation of the square, observing that walking always did her good; as soon as their companions were out of hearing, his lordship asked Laura if she had done him the honour of reading his letter.

"What

"What am I to hope?" said he with a sigh.

After some hesitation she informed him that she *had* read it—and had prepared an answer.

"I fear this precipitation" said his Lordship, "bodes me no good—tell me! tell me! dear Miss Tempest! will you accept a heart devoted to you, and you alone!"

"Pardon me my Lord," said she, drawing her letter from her pocket, "I have put my answer on paper, and you will now oblige me by dropping the subject—permit me to join my friend—do not read it in my presence, I beg of you my Lord!"

He was in the act of breaking the seal, but

but arrested by this prohibition, he made her a respectful bow, and answered gravely.

"Madam, your wishes are my commands—I obey—but since you deny me your conversation upon the only topic which can at present be at all interesting to me, and forbid me satisfying my impatient eagerness to know my fate—I will take my leave."

He then with Miss Tempest walked forward to make his adieux to Lady Susan and Sir Arthur, stating at the same time, that he was under the necessity of leaving them.

She rallied him upon his want of gallantry in quitting the honourable post which had been assigned him, and requested he would bring his curricle the

next morning to convey Laura and herself to Mrs. Hanbury's.

He gladly promised, and with an expressive look at the object of his affections he took his leave; Lady Susan having previously cautioned him not to mention at Deloraine's, that instead of nursing herself, she had been walking in the Square.

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READER, we have now given thee a touch at love making, and have inserted two letters, which we hope may be of service to such of our readers as stand in need of them: they are reckoned the most aukward epistles a young gentleman and lady can have occasion to write, during the whole course of their Lives.

We

We consider love as one of the *sauces piquantes* with which we mean frequently to season this work of ours; we promise, however, to pay some attention to the palates of such as are not inclined to like the dish, well knowing that though every body has relished it in their day, and that to some it is apt to grow a little insipid, as a turtle feast gives no great satisfaction to an Alderman, who has lost all his powers of digestion.

CHAPTER V.

THE time appointed for the visit to Margate was arrived, and the whole tribe were busy in preparations for the intended journey.

Sir Arthur Conyers had been invited by the Duke of Montcastle to take a corner in his coach; but for some reason which

which he did not chuse to avow,' this youth made an excuse of his studies, and promised to follow the party in a week.

As soon as they were all gone he flew to Mrs. Williams's, and begged her to hasten her journey to Margate, in which place he knew that she intended to pass the Westminster vacation, in hopes of the healthy consequences attendant on the voyage:—she had proposed to go by one of the Hoys, or as they are more genteelly denominated the *Packets.*

The Baronet kindly proposed to carry her in a post chaise to Gravesend, from whence she might more conveniently embark, than from the Town, at the same time declaring his intention of accompanying her for a frolic.

She laughed at, and endeavoured to dissuade

dissuade him from his project, telling him she was sure his guardians the Duke of Montcastle and Doctor Glynne, would never approve of his travelling in a style so inconsistent with his rank.

"Pho! pho! Mrs. Williams! don't you begin preaching up pride, and rank, and such a pack of stuff! I might as well board with aunt Anne—now do spare your lecture, for I am sure to have a woundy long one as soon as I set my eyes on Mrs. Scudamore, and really a double dose is more than I can bear; so now my good soul do pack up your wearables and be off in a crack!"

He then dispatched his man to secure their passage for the next week.

He never let the goodnatured Mrs. Williams alone till she was ready to set out,

out, when she was surprised at seeing the Duke of Montcastle's post chariot, with four horses, at the door, into which Sir Arthur handed her, laughing most heartily at her astonishment.

He then told her, that the Duke of Montcastle wanted to have the carriage down with him at Margate, and had left it under *his* care; his plan was to proceed with it to Gravesend, and then let it go on with his servant and baggage the next day, so as to arrive before him.

They found the Hoy very full on their arrival, and a curious assembly of personages on their entrance into the cabin. To their great surprise, also, they saw Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury, and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, with their son Samuel and their daughter.

Sir

Sir Arthur looked rather blank upon seeing so many persons with whom he was acquainted, but he recovered himself, and determining, according to his usual custom, to extract amusement from all circumstances, he paid his respects to them with great gaiety and good humour.

Mrs. Hanbury assured him, that seeing *him* there reconciled her in some degree to being in such a shocking vulgar place: adding, she should have never come there, had not her Physician advised her to try such an excursion for the benefit of her nerves.

"You know my dear Sir Arthur," continued she, "I am quite a sensitive plant, and every fibre in this frame is most exquisitely susceptible."

Sir Arthur fearful of trusting himself with

with a reply to such a speech, to one who appeared capable of making a pedestrian tour all round the kingdom, instead of lolling on a sofa, as she was then doing with a bottle of salts to her nose, to preserve her delicate sense from the smell of odious pitch and tar, and keeping an awful distance from the rest of the company.

Mr. Stevens shaking the young Baronet heartily by the hand, declared that the pleasure of seeing him, was well worth paying double passage for.

" I can't but say I am very glad to see you sir," said Mr. Hanbury (who had taken a peep to see that his provisions were safe) now approaching them, " but as to paying double passage, I can't agree to that, because I think its quite enough already."

"Why then I'll tell you what Sir," said the purse proud Mr. Stevens, "suppose you stay all the winter, and then you'll save what you've spent in the voyage in provisions, or if you had come later in the season, you might have gone for half price."

He concluded this somewhat impertinent speech, with a self approving laugh.

Mr. Hanbury, whose only fault was avarice, and who never harboured resentment for a moment, made no reply, but entered into conversation with Mrs. Williams, who was listening to Mrs. Stevens's complaint of the heat, and Miss Stevens's expressions of pleasure, that at least there was somebody come that *genteel* people might converse with.

She concluded this last remark with a side glance at the Baronet, who having nothing

nothing more agreeable to do commenced a flirtation with her.

Mrs. Stevens proposed having the cloth laid and dinner prepared, which she offered to superintend, if they would go on deck for a few moments.

On their return to the cabin they found Mrs. Stevens seated at the top of the table eating a crust of bread by way of a damper, with a very ponderous collation, being a contribution from the various passengers, consisting of *Chickens*, *Hams*, *Pigeon pies*, and a large dish of *Liver* and *Bacon* for Mr. Stevens and his daughter, who were extremely delighted with the provident care which had contrived to get this their favorite dish so capitally cooked on board.

Mr. Stevens's first exclamation on seating himself, was—

"O! Lord! lord!—how I do love Pigeons!"

Mrs. Stevens, looking first on the table and then on the company, with all the complacency her heavy countenance was capable of, said in the voice of a hackney coachman.

"Well, ladies and gentleman, I suppose you all cry *cupboard!*—Who'll be help't first!"

To which elegant query no one making any reply, she began piling up plate after plate, of what was next to her, now and then asking if Sam and Dolly had got what they liked.

"Lord, Ma!—how can you call one such vulgar names!", said Miss, "you know you promised while we was at Margate to call me *Dorothea*."

"Well,

"Well, my dear, so I will, but you know we ar'nt got there yet."

Mrs. Hanbury during this dialogue, cast supercilious glances at Sir Arthur, who by his vacant looks evinced, that he had no intention of joining her in her contempt of their companions.

In one corner of the room, sat an old gentleman, who being rather indisposed, declined a junction with the eating party; and on a couch lay a person so muffled up as to preclude all possibility of discovering whether it might be a lady or gentleman; as they had never yet spoken no one could divine who, or what they were. On a sudden they were all amazingly startled by the person on the sofa bawling out with the voice of a Stentor.

"Oh! my dear! I've just diskiver'd that I have left the Fuzishians description

at home—what shall I do?—I'm mortal sick, and thinks I shall die if I don't get some doctors stuff before I gets to Margate."

"Where did you leave it lovey?" said the old man.

"Oh! in the *porkfolio* in your *scrutore* in the little parlour behind the shop—but don't talk to me now, for I means to go to sleep, and when I wakes I means to take a sup of hot grog for to do my poor nerves good."

An universal smile, though of various import and expression, pervaded the countenances of the whole dinner party.

As soon as they had concluded a most substantial and plentiful repast, a proposal was started of going upon deck in order to have the cabin cleared.

Mr.

Mr. Stevens declared he intended to stick to the bottle as long as he could see.

"The wine is consoling:"—said the Baronet.

"*Consouling!* Aye—and Con-*bodying* too!" rejoined Stevens, with a contemptuous glance at Mrs. Hanbury, who had, as he termed it, shirked.

"Sam Stevens can afford it," continued he, "and of't is the time I've drank a dozen steady heads under the table:—a bottle of good wine and a Play for my money; and though I can afford to pay box price better than half those who sit in them, give me the pit, where I can do as I please, and talk to people whether I know 'em or not—that puts me in mind. I remember once there was a great fat woman, and a little squeezed up man,

 like

like my friend Hanbury there—e'cod just such another fish!—and they would stand before me—so says I to the little man, says I—why you're the greatest fool I ever saw, says I—I never saw such a fool in my life, to stand there when you may sit down says I—why sir you must be a blockhead, and the little fellow could not deny it, and so he took himself off with the fat woman—they never would have found it out, that it was better to sit than stand if I had not told them. I always run my elbows into peoples sides when I want to get in, for it's nothing if you do'nt get in with the first squeeze. One night there was Dolly, Sam, and I—Odsbobs! now I think on't—I never introduced my son to you Sir Arthur, you know it happened to be Sundays when you took pot luck with us at Hampstead, and he always has his Sundays to *himself;* here Sammy boy!—this is my son—Sir Arthur Conyers my friend—though Sams my

my own boy, you won't see his fellow every day in the week Sir Arthur, *I* can tell you *that*!"

Sir Arthur, who perfectly coincided in his latter opinion, composed his features as well as he was able, and began to talk affably to the young man, though by no means pleased with this addition to his acquaintance.

The cabin growing very hot and close, the whole party now went on deck with the exception of Mr. Stevens, who after his talking fit, had relapsed into a state of drunken stupidity. The old lady and her husband snored a concerto on the sofa, while their companions were walking the decks.

Miss Stevens strained every nerve to extract compliments from young Conyers, and her vulgar brother charmed out of

native *mauvaise honte* by superior condescension, entertained him with an account of his last visit to Vauxhall, which had cost him a *pretty penny* by having a *brand* new suit of cloaths, and a patent Opera hat spoiled by a *pelting* shower of rain.

In the middle of a long and prolix story, which Mrs. Stevens was relating to Mrs. Williams, the former lady being taken violently ill, began bawling out to her son Sammy for assistance. Sir Arthur, who thought the offer of his services rather too great a stretch of politeness, affected not to perceive her situation, and continued quietly walking with Miss, who had given such broad hints of its being agreeable, that he had been compelled to offer her his arm.

His fair companion observing her Mama's distress, turned suddenly very pale

pale—common gallantry and humanity, made him ask if he could procure any thing for her? she told him she was very delicate and apt to faint, being unwilling to own that the refreshments joined to the elements, was the cause of her indisposition; she begged him to procure her a smelling bottle.

"More likely fetch a bucket!" said one of the sailors.

Sir Arthur ready to die with laughing at the fellows guessing the real cause of her illness, and fearful of seeing more than might be exactly agreeable, ran to Mrs. Williams to procure some salts, he enquired how she was.

"O, quite well." was her answer, "but do not make *yourself* ill by your attentions to that affected girl, the sailors

will take care that she wants for nothing."

Mrs. Stevens hearing that her daughter was indisposed enquired what was the matter, a fellow with a broad grin upon his face, answered—

"O, nothing at all my ladyship—nothing all—Miss has got a touch of the liver complaint, and a sea voyage is the best thing in the world for that there disorder."

Mrs. Hanbury who had been protesting against the vulgar plebeians, who had, as she said, paid the proper forfeit for swallowing such coarse food, when she had contented herself with taking a little weak brandy and water, just by way of steadying her nerves, imagined she had really done the genteel thing; spite of these precautions, however, she now be-

began to feel qualmish, and calling to her deary to hold her head, she kept her large green fan before her face in the hopes of concealing her lamentable condition.

Her husband taking every care not to discompose her dress, condoled with her in the most endearing expressions, until at length in one of the paroxysms of her disorder, whilst he was endeavouring to keep fast hold of her head, she wriggled it out of her wig—Hanbury extended his arms to catch the flying treasure, but a strong gale of wind bore it overboard.

Like the Tresses of Belinda, in the Rape of the Lock, it might have now been a star, a canstellation—but fate more watchful over the false curls of Mrs. Hanbury, than the Sylphs had been over that of Belinda, resolved to save her Tresses, and not by any supernatural agency—for we

are

are greater admirers than our brother scribblers in general, of the old dry adage of Horace—

" Nec Deus intersit Deo nisi vindice &c."

and shall give the simple *fact* which was as follows:—

Fortunately for Mrs. Hanbury, at the time her periwig was immersed in the wide waste of waters, one of the men chanced to be angling on the deck, seeing the precious trophy mounted on the billow, he threw in his line—caught it upon his hook, and brought it back in triumph to the deck.

" Like a rich conquest in one hand he bore it
" And with the other dashed the saucy waves
" That throng'd and press'd to rob him of *the wig*!
" He brought it, gave it to her despairing *pate*.

Hanbury like Jaffier walked off with the prize, but like Belvidera, a nobler gratitude

titude rose in the bosom of his spouse, who urged her husband to reward the fellows gratitude; he made some wry faces, but the service claimed reward—he walked pompously up to the sailor and gave him—*Two Pence!*—when lo! and behold! the fellow with a dexterous twist of the hand, spun the fo[illegible] uckless coppers in the air, where after whirling for a while they sunk into the sea. This was aggravated by his adding at the same time—

"Now the salt waters no looser, for if Madams old *Jasey* was not worth more than two pence! D——n me but it is *tit* for *tat!*"

Mrs. Hanbury equally vexed at the mans easy familiarity, and the discomposure of her own dress, desired her husband to conduct her into the cabin. Mrs. Stevens, who was by this time somewhat

somewhat recovered, offered to accompany her.

When they entered they found Mr. Stevens completely drunk, and fast asleep. He awoke at the noise they made coming in, and looking through his half shut eyes, his foolish face lengthened to double its natural dimension, he asked his wife when supper would be ready, totally forgetting where he was, and swearing because his servants did not bring him some new cheese, radishes, and *button onions*.

"What's become of Dolly and Sam?" said he, "I haven't been half well since you've been gone!—Betty fry'd that liver in bad grease—she shall go away tomorrow:—I say, Mrs. Stevens, what makes you look so muggy? hay!—what have you been taking a tip at the *Cherry bounce* bottle? hay, old Girl!—I say send up for that wench—pay'er her wages, and

and send her a packing! I'll teach her to fry liver in bad grease."

With these words he began hauling his money from his pockets, but in the effort he was seized with violent hicups—realed out of his chair, and fell flat upon the floor.

Here his wife suffered him to remain, observing that he would get a comfortable nap, then wake and be quite himself again.

Mrs. Williams had contrived to prevent Sir Arthur suffering much from his attentions on Miss Dolly during her indisposition, detaining him to walk with her; to accomplish which end, she had feigned to feel *herself* indisposed, well knowing that no personal considerations could restrain her charge from fulfilling

the calls of humanity, however disgusting its object.

She had provided a bed for herself, and one just over it for her young friend; a very proper precaution, as owing to the number of passengers, he was the only gentleman who could be so accommodated.

Mr. Samuel Stevens, after attending his mother, had joined a party of London apprentices, attorneys clerks, &c. on the quarter deck, and was persuaded to gratify them with a song, not knowing, as they did (by *woeful experience)* that nothing promotes the disorder incidental to a sea voyage, more than such an exertion of the lungs.

Receiving the highest encomiums and applauses, he cast off his habitual shyness, and obliged them with another, in the

the middle of which, as he was exalting his voice to a high pitch, he perceived in himself some of those symptoms, he had observed in his Mama, previous to her more violent efforts—stoping suddenly short, therefore, he bawled out—" Yes Ma'am!"—pretending he was called, and jumping up attempted to run off, but was stopped by so great an agitation, that he measured his length at the feet of the good natured Baronet, who at the very impertinent request of Mrs. Stevens, was come in search of her son.

Sir Arthur alarmed at his situation, tryed to raise him up; but illness instead of mollifying, only tended to exaggerate the naturally sour temper of Samme; which was solely concealed by ill bred shyness, or aukward affectation: taking Sir Arthur for one of the set who had inticed him to a display of his vocal powers, he surlily called out—

" Let

"Let me alone sir!—I won't get up!—I wish you may be as bad *yourself*, and then you won't snigger at other folks as hasn't got such strong stomachs as you and your cronies!"

Sir Arthur not feeling such compassion for *him*, as he had done for the other invalids, and not understanding his mistake, left him to go in quest of Miss Stevens, whom he found without her bonnet, her hair all over her face, and looking quite ghastly.

She was supported by an old half drunken tar, who kindly, fearing she might take cold, in a damp evening fog, after a sultry day, without a hat, (her own having fallen into the water) resolved to to supply the deficiency; for which purpose he had aukwardly stuck his own dirty red nightcap at the back of her head, making use himself of a large, speckled,

Welsh

Welsh wig, which half concealed his lank grey hairs—he was holding a pipe to his mouth with one hand, and with a countenance of the greatest composure, had contentedly thrown the opposite arm round the waist of Miss Dolly, to hinder her from tumbling overboard.

The scene which now presented itself to Sir Arthur's vision was so truly ludicrous, that he was forced to pause a few seconds before he could muster sufficient gravity to address the young lady.

When he had first quitted Miss Dolly, in quest of a smelling bottle, a spruce tailor, whom she not erroneously took for a man of *fashion*, offered his services: these she eagerly accepted, but when she grew worse, a sympathetic, magnetic, or some other philosophical or poetical power of attraction, began its cooperating energy on the corporeal system of the Knight

Knight of the Needle—who like King Arthur, in the tragical history of Tom Thumb—knew not—

"Whether it was Love, or the Wind cholic!"

Which ever was the complaint that attacked him, the effect was so violent, that he was compelled to quit his hold on the fair damsel in distress, when the old sailor took his place very quietly before Miss became at all sensible of this sudden transmutation of her beau—she was also ignorant of the warm, though not fashionable covering with which her last swain had decorated her head.

When she beheld Sir Arthur approaching, she assumed an air of majesty and disdain, peculiarly *interesting*, and amazingly *consistent* with her present *dress* and *situation*. She stopped all his enquiries, and

and apologies for having quitted her, by saying—

" O, pray don't trouble yourself any more about it Sir Arthur! I dare say you was more agreeably employed, but you was not the only beau on board—this young gentleman here has been taking the greatest care of me ever since you went, and paying me every attention, so you see I was not quite so badly off as you might think."

" How do you find yourself Sir?" added she, for the first time turning round her head to her supporter, who neither understanding her speech to the Baronet, nor her looks of rage and astonishment at the change which had been put upon her, very cooly took his pipe out of his mouth, and knocking out the ashes on his elbow, answered—

" I haven't been better these thirteen years, than I am at this present time; the sea never makes me sick;—I could eat a good slice of bacon and some fried onions directly—they are frying some now—and if so be as you've done with me Miss, I'll go and get a bit. How be you now?—to be sure you have been mortal bad—and so was the youngster too who was a holding you—but there he lies, and his brand new pea-green coat, as he made himself, quite done for:—I suppose you knows him?—howsomdever I does—he be's a Lunnun tailors foreman coming down to Margate for work."

It would be quite impossible to describe the rage, astonishment, and mortification of Miss Stevens, at hearing this account of her quondam gallant, so very lately the object of her boasting exultation.

The

The coolness with which his history had been delivered, likewise, was by no means the least provoking part of the story. All this irritation was heightened by the effect the forgoing oration appeared to have upon Sir Arthur, who unable any longer to confine his risibility within the boundaries of politeness, gave uncontrouled vent to his mirth, in a hearty burst of laughter.

The sailor not suspecting he was himself the cause of so much hilarity, looked solemnly round him for the cause of the youths merriment—when his eyes resting on Miss Dolly, he exclaimed—

"Why, to be sure, she do look funny enough in that there greasy old red cap o' mine! but though, thinks I, thof I dont' much love her, nor care about her, seeing as how she's as ordinary a young woman as one would wish to set eyes

 upon

upon—perhaps some may like her, ugly as she be—so she shan't catch cold thinks I—so I claps that old rag upon her round top."

Starting up in a rage, Miss tore away the offending head dress, she now for the first time perceived, and throwing it in the fellows face, flew in a fury down the cabin stairs.

There she found no one in a condition to listen to her piteous tale. Her father was rolling on the floor, half drowned by the contents of a bowl of punch, which had fallen from the table, full upon his head. Her mother, Mrs. Williams, and the snoring old shopkeeper, were in bed. The old ladies husband and Mrs. Hanbury had packed themselves upon the sofa like herrings, and by a sort of nasal operation of sound, proved themselves in an enviable state of oblivion.

Miss

Miss finding no one to pay any attention to her, very quietly ascended one of the upper beds, where she would have enjoyed an equal portion of refreshing slumber with her fellow passengers, had she not been somewhat interrupted by the old lady below, occasionally exclaiming in her dreams—

"Ten-pence halfpenny a pound, a choice spare rib!—fine black puddings!—delicate sausages! &c.

All which tended to prove, that the thoughts of this good housewife, even in her repose, were wandering to the main chance, for she was by trade a PORK BUTCHER. During the hot summer months, when business happened to be at *a stand* she had indulged herself with a jaunt to Margate, meaning to sojourn with a customer, whose debts she saw no

means of recovering but by fairly *living it out with her*.

Sir Arthur put half a crown into the old sailors hand to make him some amends for the ingratitude of his fair charge, and was then about to go in quest of the bed which his attentive friend had procured for him. He was stopped in this expedition by the sight of poor Sam Stevens, who pale as ashes seemed so totally exhausted as really to stand in need of assistance.

Conyers ever ready to sacrifice personal conveniency to the necessities of another, called the sailor, and they, together, carried the now crest fallen, and helpless victim of the tuneful song into the cabin, and placed him in the bed, notwithstanding all Mrs. Williams's remonstrances to the contrary, who would fain have resigned her own to her darling.

The

The Baronet would not hear a word on the subject, but borrowing a large Wrap Rascal of the Captain of the vessel, composed himself to sleep on a great chest belonging to one of the passengers.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER a nights repose, on his CHEST, which youth, health, and fatigue, made as welcome to him as a bed of the softest down could have proved—Sir Arthur was presented with a scene perfectly novel.

The movement of the company leaving their beds had awakened him.

Mrs.

Mrs. Williams who still preserved her composure both of mind body, and ever considerate where her young friend was concerned, made him a proposition of accompanying her on deck, for the purpose of taking some refreshment at breakfast with more comfort.

He complied, and left the party below to the care of the indefatigable (where eating was concerned) Mrs. Stevens, who declaring she loved to have her breakfast popped into her mouth the moment she opened her eyes—sat about her preparations for a hearty meal, first insisting on the sailors toasting her some red herrings and dried salmon.

Miss Dolly, by the help of a pocket glass, endeavoured to give somewhat of a more elegant appearance to her dress, which had occasioned so much mortification on the preceding day, determin-

ing to exert her most strenuous efforts, to make Sir Arthur conscious of the blindness, which had made him overlook so many graces and attractions.

Mr. Stevens who had been awakened by his wifes moving the table, could not at first divine the cause; he began swearing, therefore, most vociferously at being disturbed: his helpmate, with a sang froid, which evinced that she was very well accustomed to such brutal behaviour, said—

"Well, Mr. Stevens—suppose you get up and have a little rum and milk to settle your stomach? or, will you have some hot buttered toast, and then get into one of the beds to sleep a little more?"

Very politely sending her to the Devil for her advice, he deigned to accept it, nevertheless,

nevertheless, to the great relief of Mrs. Hanbury, who was terrified out of her wits, least he should attack her on the subject of her last nights misfortune.

Sir Arthur, who could enjoy no convenience when another was deprived of it, ran down into the cabin to invite Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury, (in a whisper) to join him and Mrs. Williams at breakfast, well knowing that he should oblige, and gratify his prime favorite Laura Tempest, by any attentions he might shew to her friends.

As to Samuel Stevens, he concealed his face, by popping his head under the bed cloaths, which had been so humanely resigned to him by the youth he now dreaded to meet. The old Pork Butcher followed a like plan, her husband adhered to a similar conduct, and was silent and abstemious, looking with surprise upon

the active employment of Mrs. Stevens, her daughter and son.

The day passed much like the previous one—Miss Dolly making many overtures for a reconciliation, wisely foreseeing what an acquisition it would be to have a *Baronet* for her beau during her residence at the Sea-side.

All these laborious attempts were but coldly received:—Sir Arthur glad of any opportunity to shake off so troublesome, and vulgar a companion, cut the connection with his utmost dexterity.

Towards the afternoon the sky became clouded, and a slight storm arose; trifling as it was, under the present circumstances it proved sufficient to create a considerable alarm in the minds of the Cockneys. Mrs. Williams, Mr. Hanbury, and Sir Arthur, being the only three of the passengers

passengers who appeared to retain the use of their senses.

The former employed herself by soothing the real terrors of Mrs. Stevens, and in scolding Miss Dolly for playing off an hysterical fit.

Sir Arthur *accustomed* to the management of pleasure barges, boats, &c. stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and with an alacrity, which did honour to his feelings, busied himself in uniting his personal exertions to those of the few sailors on board; by these exertions convincing such as had been by habit or inclination rendered supinely indolent in safety, and timorously fearful in the moment of danger—that, a true *Gentleman* will never shrink from the most irksome or laborious exertion of his duty as a *Man!* or vainly imagine that high birth, rank, or

 fortune,

fortune, will prove adequate to the deficency of honour, courage, and humanity.

It is true, that his age taken into consideration, Sir Arthur Conyers was no *common* youth: he could be a *boy* with *boys*, and he could be a *man* with *men;* he sould *trifle* with the *idle*—he could argue with the informed—he had taste without affectation, and he had gallantry without grimace:—was he a perfect monster? No!—such a character should *never* have found a place in these pages; like some other novelists we do not wish to shew the deformities of human nature; It is not the object of our intentions to paint all in shadow—to delineate such passions as would make e'en angels weep over the degraded state of man; we would present nature as she is—and those who would shrowd her glories with perpetual clouds, are the authors of libels, and not faithful painters. She may have defects, but

but her general symetry is elegant, and beautiful.

Such a character as Sir Arthur, any young man of sound sense, common humanity, and competent afluence, *can* and *may* be—let him resolve to keep the common thesis of his school theme in his mind—the

" *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbis.*

Let him make the actions of his life the examples* of this exercise, and he may *easily* become *every thing* described in the character of the young Hero of this tale.

For two hours they were exposed to some danger, in a storm of hail, thunder, and lightening; it at length ceased, and about eight o'clock in the evening they all arrived safe at Margate.

When

When the wish'd for spot appeared in view, Sir Arthur amused Mrs. Williams with a repetition of the following lines.

"When first I went on board, lord I heard such a racket,
Such babbling and such squabbling, 'fore and aft thro' the packet;
The passengers bawling, the sailors yo hoing,
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing,
Some sick, and some swearing, some singing some shrieking,
Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking:"
"Stop the ship!" "but the tars never minding our cases,
Took their chews, hitch'd their trowsers, and grinn'd in our faces."

The foregoing verses from Foote will most probably be acknowledged an accurate delineation, of the delights attendant on a trip to Margate in a PACKET.

Mrs. Williams intended to take up her abode at a boarding house, with a lady who having been a neighbour of hers at Westminster, had given her an invitation, her apartments being large and commodious,

ous, and it being her first year of open-
ng, there was likely to be room.

Sir Arthur determined to see her safe first, and then to find out the Duke of Montcastle's, and Lord Deloraine's family, meaning to change his cloathes, and get his hands dressed, having rubbed the skin off both, in his recent efforts to afford assistance during the storm.

This sight drew tears from the eyes of Mrs. Williams. Conyers, gay as the lark at the first rays of the sun in the east—with his coat off, was helping all the ladies to the shore: so sacred in his idea was every thing appertaining to the lovely sex, that he did not think even the ancient angel of the Pork-shop beneath his attentions and assistance; when, raising his head as he was passing this heavy mountain of beauty over a plank, he beheld Lady Susan O'Carrol, Lord John, the

the Duke, and Mrs. Scudamore, steadfastly (albeit with far different emotions) *gazing* upon him.

Though they all contemplated him with somewhat of *amazement* in his new occupation, Lady susan was, to make use of her own literal expression

" *Ready to expire with laughing!*"

His gallantry and the *object* of it, equally tending to the excitement of this *titillating* sensation.

Mrs. Scudamore was excessively angry and provoked at the *predicament* into which he had brought himself, and waited impatiently for an opportunity of venting on him, all her irritability and vexation, with which her proud heart was bursting.

The

The Duke joined his daughter in her merry laugh; but Lord John, who had been the cause of the party walking out so soon after the rain (from his old custom of always going out in a *Storm)* stood admiring the youths attention to his companions, fervently exclaiming—

" God eternally bless him! his is the genuine nobility of heart—superior to all earthly distinctions, and he will meet with his reward from the high King of Kings!!"

Then falling into one of his accustomed reveries, he slowly walked away, apparently forgetful of the object which had lately inspired so pathetic an elogium.

Accustomed to his oddities, his affectionate brother heaved a sigh as he departed, but took no further notice.

Sir

Sir Arthur now landed, and putting on his great coat, which the old sailor threw to him from the packet, ran up hastily to his relations, and shook each of them heartily by the hand, saying—

"I must go and take care of Mrs. Williams, and will then return."

As he jumped away he whispered in Lady Susan's ear.

"Now for a row!"

He very soon reappeared after having dressed himself in a more seemly style, and lodged his kind friend at the boarding house.

When he made his enquiry after all friends, the Duke gave him but a melancholy account of his poor brother John, who, he said, was worse instead of better.

Mrs.

Mrs. Scudamore having been strongly importuned by her niece, to abstain from all reproof against the interesting youth before them, preserved a sullen and disdainful silence.

Lady Susan informed her young cousin, that Captain Woodville's regiment, instead of being stationed at Margate and its environs, was fixed at Canterbury, but that they had only seen him once since their arrival; he was, however, to dine with them the next day, and accompany them to the Ball in the evening.

Sir Arthur taking her apart, told her with whom he had voyaged, at the same time representing to her the vulgarity of conduct, and the inebriety of Mr. Stevens, (the man whom in making subservient to her convenience, she had likewise rendered the depository of a secret of so much

much importance) She looked alarmed, and demanded whether he had displayed any symptoms of an inclination to reveal, what he had been entrusted with, as she should make a point of confining herself to the house during his residence at Margate, if there appeared any danger of his presuming, on her pecuniary obligations, to treat her with more familiarity than was *proper*, in the strictest sense of the word.

Young Conyers who observed that the terror and agitation of his fair cousin was excessive, used every effort in his power to comfort and reassure her. In order to raise her spirits, he gave her a humourous detail of all the circumstances and occurrence which had happened to him in his late sea voyage.

During his recital Lord John O'Carrol passed close by them, with his arms folded

ed, and his head reclined upon his bosom.

Sir Arthur after having first committed Lady Susan to her father, went to Lord John, and gently laying his hand upon his arm, said—

"We have weathered a bad storm, my Lord."

Lord John, starting from his reverie, gazed at him for some time before he appeared to know him, or to recollect his recent arrival—when he did so, he wellcomed him with tears in his eyes.

Sir Arthur passing his arm through that of his Lordships, walked on with him in silence, anxiously watching the moment when his malady having taken its free scope, might yield to the impression of superior reason.

As the bright lamp of day, gradually pierces the gray mists of the morning, and gives a chearful glow to the countenance of nature, so did the face of Lord John imperceptibly lighten up; after they had wandered for some time, he gazed with affectionate complacency on the visage of his young companion, as he put the following interrogatory to him.

"Did Mrs. Scudamore scold you, my poor boy? I know she is not in one of her best humours:—Ah! could that woman know half what I have known—could she feel half what I have felt—she would be humbled indeed! and as much tempted as I am to exclaim in the words of Solomon—"*All is Vanity!*"—I feel, dreadfully feel the inefficiency of wealth, rank, and splendour, to give real felicity; let her with me say with the sublime moralist.

"Yes,

"Yes, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
"And pure devotion to the skies aspires;
"Pray for the blessings of a *healthful mind*,
"Obedient *Passions* and a *will resigned*."

"But I wander.—With all her nonsense—all her pompous affectation, I really hold Anne Scudamore innocent of any real crime. But kind boy I only affect your generous nature by my gloomy whining and complaining; your cares are noble!—tender!—but no human means can heal my lacerated heart!—Heaven! Heaven *alone* can be my comforter!—to that Heaven, which was three hours since convulsed with storms, the prototype of my agonised soul, do I look for peace—ungrateful that I am!—do I mean to say I hope no consolation from man? yes, Henry!—Henry can with his persuasive voice, aided by divine truths, pour the balm

balm of hope into my torn bosom! and Laura can with a Seraphs smile, beam joy and hope on my benighted mind!!!"

Sir Arthur here affectionately grasped his arm: His Lordship returned the friendly pressure, adding at the same time, in a voice almost choaked by his strong emotions.

"Nor are you, my dear boy! the least among my worldly comforts—but my brother—the immediate representative of my *murdered* parent! Ah! God reward him!—but it rends my heart to look in his face, and read the strong marked characters of our Father!—every forcible trait of love, piety, and humanity, towards a disobedient wretch! who ought to bear the mark of Cain, the stamp of murder on his forehead!—"

Sir Arthur very much distressed and shocked

shocked at these wild and incoherent ravings, the consequences of his Lordships melancholy and despondency, endeavoured to divert the channel of his uncles thoughts, and direct them to the contemplation of more pleasing objects. He adverted to the late *Storm;* knowing from experience that the word alone was sufficient to arrest his attention, and then proceeded to give a ludicrous account of his maritime expedition; he succeeded in this attempt, and Lord John becoming more composed, followed Sir Arthur until they reached the rest of the party. They now quitted the Pier, and walked to the house of the Duke of Montcastle, about half a mile from the town.

During supper, Lord John appeared in better spirits than he had ever been since the arrival of his brother at Margate, which circumstance, contributed to throw

a general chearfulness over the whole group.

At the moment of separation they were surprised at a carriage stopping at the door.

Lord John having, according to custom, insisted on taking a separate lodging, was about to retire to an opposite cottage, Sir Arthur attended him to the door; here he saw Lord Dalton and Doctor Glynne alight from the Duke's post chaise, the same Sir Arthur had left at Gravesend, to proceed with his servant and luggage. The two gentlemen laughed at their amazement, and they returned together to the parlour.

The countenance of Mrs. Scudamore brightened up at the appearance of her *soi disant* lover, the Doctor. Supper was brought

brought for the travellers, and Lord Dalton then informed them that Doctor Glynne and himself were coming down in a hack post chaise and four, but that near Rochester, they had overtaken his Grace's carriage, which they stopped, and questioning Bob, Sir Arthur's servant, were informed of his masters frolic.

They changed carriages at Rochester, and putting Bob on the barouche seat, made use of the inside themselves—Lord Dalton laughing heartily at his own story, added—

"I knew your Grace would think me welcome, and really it was lucky we took possession, for at the Inn we put up at, they had horses but no chaises to spare, so that we should not have had the honour of paying our devoirs here to night,

had it not been for this fortunate rencontre."

The Duke assured them they were welcome to the loan of his carriage, and after some time passed in conversation they parted, his Lordship to the Earl of Deloraines; Sir Arthur and Doctor Glynne, taking up their abode with his Grace.

After breakfast the next morning, Lady Susan accompanied the young Baronet to pay his respects to Lord Deloraines family.

In their excursion thither, Sir Arthur took the opportunity of questioning his fair cousin as to her pecuniary concerns. She told him she had been as œconomical as possible, and had desisted from play for some time past, that she intended

to

to persevere in these laudable resolutions, but that her purse was very low.

The good natured youth affectionately assured her it was one of his greatest pleasures to contribute to her convenience, and that he now luckily had it in power so to do—adding with a laugh.

"You must know, that since I have a *child* to maintain Guardy has been very liberal indeed; but as I told you before, he thought what he allowed me was quite sufficient—not knowing I kept old Mrs. Davies into the bargan—but that fair Sybil, for what cause, I am sure I cannot by any means divine, has mysteriously and suddenly withdrawn herself from the protection of your humble servant—she no doubt thought me too young and giddy to be entrusted with the guardian-

ship and guidance of such *tempting* beauty and attractions."

"She left Twickenham in a violent hurry skurry—I have made the very strictest enquiries among all her neighbours and cronies, but the deuce a bit can any one of them inform me where ancient madam has betaken herself."

"Before she vanished she sold all her household goods and chattels to an old Cobler, who has taken the small cottage in which she lived. You would have laughed ready to kill yourself, had you been a witness to the ludicrous scene which this exchange gave rise to."

"I went to pay the old Girl her months allowance as usual, in *advance*, and not caring to lose any time in alighting from my horse, being by no means

ambitious

ambitious of a *tête á tête conversation*—I rode up to the window—the casement happened to be open—I asked how she did—said little Dick was very well—and that as I was going out of town I had brought her some cash, and bid her buy herself a new gown and stuff peticoat."

"I had rattled on in this way for five minutes at least, before I discovered that the person I had been addressing was an old man in an apron and a red night cap. I was not a little surprised at it myself, and he seemed perfectly petrified at this equivoque. You may suppose I was not a little amused at this bit of gig. The man upon enquiry told me the *lady* had decamped the day before: I asked him if he knew the reason of her sudden departure? he said, "no:"—she had muttered something about not liking to be asked

impertinent questions, and, "that poor folks had as great a right to have their secrets as their *betters*."

"So you see my dear Susan, being released from the expence of being obliged to support this false ungrateful nymph, I have it in my power to help you a little—and a *little* it is sure enough—however you must take the will for the deed, and so there it is."

Saying which, he put a twenty pound note into her Ladyship's hand, stopping the professions, and all the grateful acknowledgements she was just beginning to make, with—

"No thanks Susan, I beg! if you make any *bother* about it, now you will *bore* me to death."

"Dear

"Dear Arthur! how hard is the task of suppressing my emotions—Ah! how do I sink in my own estimation, at being thus compelled to appropriate to my own unjust wants, what your generous heart knows so well how to bestow on many worthier objects."

"Pho—pho! stuff and fiddlestick!—do you think me such a quiz as not to prefer assisting a *young* damsel to helping an *old* one? indeed I am not quite so *fashionable* as that comes to *yet?*—I'll tell you how you shall repay me."

"*How?*—my merry coz."

"Why stop aunt Anne's *gab*, the next time she begins to let out her *jawing tacks* (as the sailors call it) upon me, and then you will lay *me* under the greatest obligation. I expect a terrible *blow up* for my

vulgarity in coming down in the Hoy—*apropos*, of that elegant machine—what in the name of Heaven are Mr. Stevens, and his family *like?*—nothing but *themselves*. I think *they were all cut out for Bsauties, but the Devil stole the pattern.*"

"Lord, Arthur!—where did you pick up that elegant phrase?"

"Westminster fun my dear—we all say so. As for Mrs. Stevens—why she is like a round dumpling with two damsons stuck in the middle by way of *eyes*. The son is the most tolerable, and *he's no great shakes*, as for the daughter, Hogarth himself could never do *her* justice:—with short legs, and a back as long as a turnspit dog; she sets up for a fine figure, and a *fine figure* she *is!*—a skin like an old Jew cloaths mans—a face well proportioned to her back, and a pair of fierce

goggling black eyes, which as she rolls them about with as much meaning as a couple of wash balls, she thinks languishing and brilliant. She told me, she was reckoned to have a speaking countenance—that she could express *scorn;* by the way she makes herself as ugly as the Devil when she means to be lofty—and added, that notwithstanding her eyes sometimes expressed what she *did not mean.* I was almost tempted to tell her if they *did*, she was very much obliged to her eyes, for they expressed nothing but *impudence* and *fury*."

"I am afraid they will be rather troublesome, as they all seem to aim at being quite intimate with me; but we must *temporise* with them as well as we can, for we might with as much prudence wake a sleeping lion, as the old boy, who is a terrible turk when roused—especially

when he gets fuddled, and I saw enough of the old buck, in the Hoy, to discover that *Temperence* is not often the order of the day with him."

As young Conyers was thus conversing with his cousin, they arrived at Lord Deloraines house, where he met with a hearty reçeption from all his good friends.

CHAPTER VII.

As they were conversing a servant announced Doctor Glynne; he appeared somewhat agitated, and affected; when they enquired the cause of the visible perturbation of his mind and spirits, he informed them, that it was occasioned by the encreasing symptoms of mental derangement

rangement in the amiable, but unhappy Lord John O'Carrol.

"I have just been to see him," said he, "and found him reading attentively, and bedewing with tears the book which he was perusing; on leaning over his chair, I discovered the book he was contemplating to be Doctor Johnsons philosophical Romance of Rasselais."

No one could be a greater admirer ot the sublime lucubrations of the Rambler, than the Doctor himself, Johnson was one of his most favorite authors, he loved his genius, he revered his piety; but he thought his works more adapted to the happy than to the dejected. The precepts enforced might, he thought, fortify prosperity and affluence, against the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

but

but at the same time, he thought they were tinctured with a general strain of despondency, not well calculated to animate hope, rouse the energies, or invigorate the exertions of the mental spring. Under the present circumstances, Rasselais was a book he could not have wished his patient to peruse. That happiness was not to be attained in any situation of life, was a bitter lesson Lord John O'Carrol was but *too apt* to learn—he needed not the counsels of a sage or a philosopher to impress it on his mind.

He asked the Doctor if *he* was an enthusiast on the subject of this little volume? Glynne delivered his sentiments with his usual candour and perspicuity; but perceived to his mortification, that what his Lordship had read, had irritated his nerves, and quite deranged the regular march of intellectual energy.

He

He gazed at his friend for some moments, with uncertainty in his actions, and horrour in his eye! his hair bristled, and his limbs trembled.

"Doubt!—fear!—terror!—and perplexity!" said the Doctor, "were so forcibly delineated on his fine expressive face, that they gave a more accurate description of the passions, than ever were equalled by the drawings of a Lavater, or a Le Brun. After an internal struggle that seemed to wrench his nature with an engines violence, he struck his forehead with his hand and exclaimed."

"Why should I affect to doubt that, which a sage and a philosopher has confessed!—the dead *may*—yes! they MAY return!!"

A blush cirmsoned his countenance—his

his hand trembled as he presented me the book, *open*, which he had been reading. In the open place a passage was marked by a pencil in so many places, that I could evidently perceive" said Glynne, " he had made it the subject of long and serious contemplation. It was extracted from that Chapter of Rasselais, where the Prince and his companions visit the Pyramids."*

The following paragraphs were those the unhappy Lord had marked in a manner so emphatical.

' If all your fear be of apparations' ' said the Prince, ' I will promise you ' safety

* Chapter the Thirtieth.

'safety: there is no danger from the *dead;* 'he that is *once buried* will be *seen no* '*more.*'

'That the dead are *seen no more,*' said Imlac, '*I* will not undertake to *maintain* 'against the *concurrent* and unvaried *tes-* '*timony* of *all ages* and of all *nations.* 'There is no people, *rude* or *learned* 'among whom *apparations* of the *dead,* 'are not *related* and *believed.* This opi- 'nion which *prevails* perhaps as far as 'human nature is diffused, could become '*universal* only by its *truth:* those that '*never heard of one another,* would not 'have *agreed* in a tale which nothing but 'EXPERIENCE can make *credible.* That 'it is *doubted* by single *Cavillers,* can 'very little weaken the *general* evidence; 'and some who *deny* it with their *tongues* '*confess* it by their *fears.*'

The

The Doctor was much shocked at such a construction being put on this celebrated passage, but eager to learn whither his Lordship meant it to tend, he asked him in the mildest manner to honour him with his confidence; if he had any scruples in his mind which he wished done away, or any doubts labouring in his breast, which might be relieved by communication.

Lord John seemed melted by what Glynne had just said, he grasped him by the hand—expressed the warmest acknowledgements for the many attentions he had been so long in the habit of receiving from him, and concluded by saying, that "having the the implied authority of so great a philosopher as the Rambler, to blunt the point of ridicule which might otherwise be aimed against him, he would confess a terrible!—a painful secret."

The

The Doctor was all attention.

His patient then proceeded to inform him that "once every year, on the night of a particular hour, precisely at *twelve o'clock* the apparition of his father visited him for two moments. He was well aware," he said, "that scepticism would take up all her aims against him, but that facts were stubborn things; he could calculate the time of the spectres appearance to a moment," he also added, "and that when he looked at his watch, the vision appeared to him at the precise second that the minute hand touched the point of *twelve*."

When the Doctor came to this period of his melancholy narrative, surprise and grief were legibly pourtrayed upon the countenances of his auditors, as they now began to fear, that the wild starts of Lord

John

John were about to terminate in a violent confirmed insanity.

Glynne continued his narrative. "Lord John, after this confession, appeared somewhat more at ease, but an awful gloom hovered over his brow—and he was at intervals seized with violent, but involuntary shudders and tremors: he at length declared that on *this* night he expected the solemn annual visit of his defunct parent!"

The Doctor used every argument that reason and philosophy could suggest, but all to no purpose. He left the unhappy nobleman, therefore, in order to consult his relatives on the measures proper to be taken on the occasion; he observed, that if they could divert his attention for that one night, and so occupy his mind, as to let the nominated moment of the appear-

ance

ance of the imaginary spectre pass by without perception, the unhappy victim of superstition might recover from his dreadful error, and one link of the chain which fettered his senses being broken, he might recover his liberty from the cruel and oppressive tyranny which fancy exercised over her unresisting captive

Every body acquiesced in the justice of this observation, and it was resolved to get him to supper, at the Duke of Montcastles, and by engaging him on such topics of conversation as they knew were soothing to his mind, and interesting to his heart, to beguile him out of all remembrance of the dreaded moment.

To draw him into company was the most difficult part of the business; many plans were arranged, many schemes were

contemplated

contemplated, but none appeared feasible, or easy to effect.

Doctor Glynne at length hinted, that the Duke should send to his brother, stating that he was ill, and felt his spirits so low, that nothing but the presence of his beloved kinsman could restore him to comfort or tranquility.

His Grace well knew that there was no one thing Lord John could feel so much difficulty in pardoning, as any circumstance which bore the semblance of deceit or dissimulation: yet the *cause* appeared so urgent, and the motives, at the same time so amiable and so proper, that suffering himself to be overpowered by the persuasions of Sir Arthur, his daughter, and the whole party, he sat down to write the proposed letter, which was

dictated by the Doctor, and conveyed by Sir Arthur.

In the wildest paroxysms of his derangement, one tender chord remained unimpaired in the frame of Lord O'Carrol; when the string of fraternal affection was touched, it vibrated in tones of harmony, whilst all its kindred fibres—were jangled harsh and out of tune.

In the idea of a brothers affliction, all other thoughts were absorbed in the generously sympathetic bosom of Lord John; he had known too well how terrible it was to combat with the dæmon of despair, and sink beneath the strife—he was conscious that there was an actual necessity of resisting, what Shakespear calls, "that surly spirit melancholy!" in its first onset. All habits were fatal—but the indulgence of this, the most alarming

arming in the black catalogue of human miseries; he knew this by *mournful experience*, and knowing it, formed a resolution of lending his own aid in assisting a beloved brother in wrestling with that antagonist who had proved too powerful for all his *own resistance*.

Sacrificing his own private feelings, therefore, to his fraternal anxieties, he repaired to the mansion of the Duke, taking care to wind up his watch with great caution, that he might not miss the precise second when he felt conscious that he should receive the annual, but short visit from the awful shadow of his departed father.

On his arrival he found his brother on a couch, with several phials disposed on a table before him, and which had been previously placed there by Doctor Glynne

to give a greater semblance of reality to this *pious fraud*.

The Duke lured Lord John to remain with him, by the amiable artifices which his affection suggested, and of which his candid mind could have found an incapability of executing under less justifiable circumstances: they talked with a tender delight on many occurrences of their boyish days; his Grace recalling incidents of their early affection, which are too numerous to be here set down: among others he mentioned one of his falling from the branch of an oak, yet growing in the Park.

It was amazingly lofty, and the elder brother had fallen from its summit while playfully dancing on the topmost bough; the heroic John, with a wonderful presence of mind, had spread out his arms, and receiving the full weight of his bro-

ther

ther—falling, as he embraced him, with a violent concussion to the ground; he laughed with rapture when he saw that he had saved the object of his cares, nor was the the smile diminished even when he fainted on the grass. One of his legs had been entangled as he fell, and the limb was fractured in the most dreadful manner.

The elder brother ran to the house for assistance. The noble minded O'Carrol reviving, now began to feel for his *mother's* agonies alone.

He was carried to the house on a litter, and as he went he chaunted out his favorite air of *Rule Britannia*, with every tone of unembarrassed hilarity, that she might not imagine he had been any material sufferer from his accident.

During the whole painful process of his

cure, he behaved as if he had been one of those stoical moralists, who stoutly argue, that pain is nothing more than an *idea*, with this special difference, that these philosophers preached without *practice*, and Lord John practised without *preaching*.

When praised for his fortitude, only would he lose his equanimity—at such times he would exclaim with boyish impetuosity—

" Am I not to be a sailor? and must not I expect such trifles as these? Do I not see many brave fellows whistling and singing, with their arms and legs lopped off!—they, alas! have no mother to watch over them—no brother to console them! yet even *they* can bear it—I should be a poor wretch *indeed* if I couldn't suffer a trifle like this, with every thing about me that can comfort and assist me!"

With

With such endearing discourses, they contrived to while away the time, and amuse the mind of the unhappy sufferer. Arthur telling stories, and Lady Susan playing his most favourite Sea tunes, till evening drew on; when about to take his departure, he was assailed by such an affectionate torrent of solicitation from every one present, that fearful of giving them pain, and ashamed of avowing his secret motives of wishing for solitude, he was compelled to comply with the united requests of the whole family, and to consent to remain and partake of a slight supper.

The cloth was laid on the table at eleven o'clock precisely. Though previous orders had been given to stop the clock, that its sound might not bring to his mind a circumstance they so eagerly desired to banish from his recollection.

The empire of fancy was, however, too dispotic to be shaken off by such feeble precautions. Lord John grew restless and uneasy—he turned frequently pale, and murmured inarticulate sentences, the purport of which no one person was at all capable of comprehending—he dared not look at his watch, for as he sat directly opposite to the Doctor, he was aware that Glynne would fully enter into his motives, and his thoughts.

About a quarter after eleven, Sir Arthur whispered Lady Susan, who shortly after taking out her gold repeater, begged her uncle to favour her with his time piece, that she might regulate her *own* by it. Lord John would have denyed this request, but he caught the scrutinising eye of Glynne at the instant, and with evident emotion yielded up the demanded object.

His

His symptoms with every increasing moment grew more terrible. Lady Susan looked at his watch—it wanted three minutes to twelve—he asked the time.

"Tell me!—tell me, for God's sake," said he, "to a *second!*"

"*Ten* minutes to twelve my dear Lord;" conscious that she should convince him of his error, by this false statement she still watched the minute hand, resolved at five moments after the stated second, to convince him that he had suffered his imagination to delude him.

The company continued talking to him in a manner that they hoped might keep him from thought, by the rapidity of their interrogations.

The minute hand now touched the hour of twelve, and Lady Susan thought

she had effected her purpose; but as it reached the spot, Lord John uttered a yell scarcely *human*—his eyes rolled round the room as if following some gliding object, and then fell into the most dreadful convulsions.

The perturbation which ensued was universal. He came to himself in a few moments; and bitterly upbraiding Doctor Glynne and Lady Susan, for having so cruelly deceived him, left the room in anger, declaring, that if he had been *prepared*, he could have seen the aweful visitor in silence; but as it *was*, the *sudden* shock he had experienced was too *much* for him.

He left them with great bitterness, nor would he even suffer Sir Arthur to accompany him, solemnly swearing, that if he resisted this determination, he would never either see, or speak to him again, even

even should his existence be *protracted* beyond the common period prescribed mortality.

Well aware, that in his present turn of mind any opposition might be attended with the most fatal consequences, he was allowed to quit the apartment, without any effort being made for his detention.

The Window of the supper room commanding a view of his little cottage, they contented themselves with watching his motions from this observatory. They saw him walk on the sands without his hat, for a quarter of an hour:—the moon was shining in cloudless splendour—and his streaming hair—wild gestures—and hurried step—rendered the scene which presented itself, truly pathetic and terrific:—at one moment he would look to the Heavens, with his hands clasped, in all the agonies of despair, and at another, they

they saw him fall upon his knees with all the fervour of the most pious resignation, and devotion. They at length beheld him return home, take out the key, unlock the door of his cottage, and enter it with an air of melancholy, but comparitively *tranquillised* state of mind.

They then returned to the table, every one strongly impressed with a sense of terror, grief, and anxiety, at the strange events which had just taken place.

Lady Susan and Mrs. Scudamore were terrified almost out of their senses; indeed there was not a person present, with the exception of Doctor Glynne, who did not seem somewhat tinctured with the superstition of the moment.

Stories of ghosts, and supernatural appearances were related by every one present.

The

The Duke was *affected*, if not staggered; and the shrieks of Lord John at a particular *second* appeared to bewilder the suggestions of reason, and baffle the conjectures of rational philosophy.

" 'Tis thus," said the Doctor, " that error is propagated; we behold *effects*, but we do not examine into *causes*: the circumstance of Lord John is by no means an uncommon one, and the problem is far less difficult to solve, than many which may at first sight appear involved in infinitely more dubious perplexity.

" Account for his Lordships strength of imagination at a precise period, and that which has long confounded multitudes, becomes a riddle no more. By long habit, and long expectation, he has calculated the duration of an *hour*—and here is *all the miracle*.

"By an easy computation we may define how many *steps* we take in a given time; if we are accurate in this arithmetic we might extend it to a hundred miles; and without any intense thought acquire the knowledge without the aid of reason or attention. This is precisely the case with Lord John, and *has* been and *will* be the same with all other unhappy personages labouring under similar afflictions. Recollect, that even the power of sleep, the next inert situation after that of death, is constantly suspended by the meanest mechanic, who forms a steady resolution of waking at a *stated* moment. To argue this point in the pomp of philosophy, or the sonorous phraseology of logical deduction, would be as childish as the terrours I am endeavouring to contend with. The scene we have witnessed has been terrible! and alarming!—the lesson it conveys is a bitter, but to the younger part of my dear friends, it may prove a useful

useful one! It must evince that *happiness* is designed by the great disposer of all human events, as the rewards of *another*, and a *better state*—had it been attainable in *this*, Lord John, with talents, fortune, endearing relatives, and social virtues, could not have missed his portion of the blessing.

" Let not superstition, therefore, poison your present pleasure by the anticipation of any future calamities."

The Doctor here took down a volume of the Spectator, which happened to be lying about, and read the following extract from the seventh number to the attentive group.

" For my own part, I should be very
" much troubled, were I endued with
" this divining quality, though it should
" inform me truly of every thing that
" can

" can befal me. I would not anticipate
" the relish of any happiness, nor feel the
" weight of any misery, before it actually
" arrives."

" I know but one way of fortifying my
" soul against these gloomy presages and
" terrours of mind; and that is by secur-
" ing to myself, the friendship and pro-
" tection of that being who disposes of
" events, and governs futurity. He
" sees at one view the whole thread of
" my existence; not only that part of it
" which I have already passed through,
" but that which runs forward into all
" the depths of eternity. When I lay
" me down to sleep I recommend myself
" to his care; when I awake I give my-
" self up to his direction.

" Amidst all the evils that threaten
" me, I will look up to him for help, and
" question not but he will either avert

" them

" them, or turn them to my advantage.
" Though I know neither the time nor
" the manner of the death I am to die, I
" am not at all solicitous about it, be-
" cause I am sure that he knows them
" both, and that he will not fail to com-
" fort and support me under them."

The grey of the morning now breaking in at the casement, it was thought expedient for the party to break up. Each retired somewhat comforted by the efforts of Doctor Glynne, but with minds deeply afflicted at the accumulating miseries of Lord John O'Carrol.

End of the Second Volume.